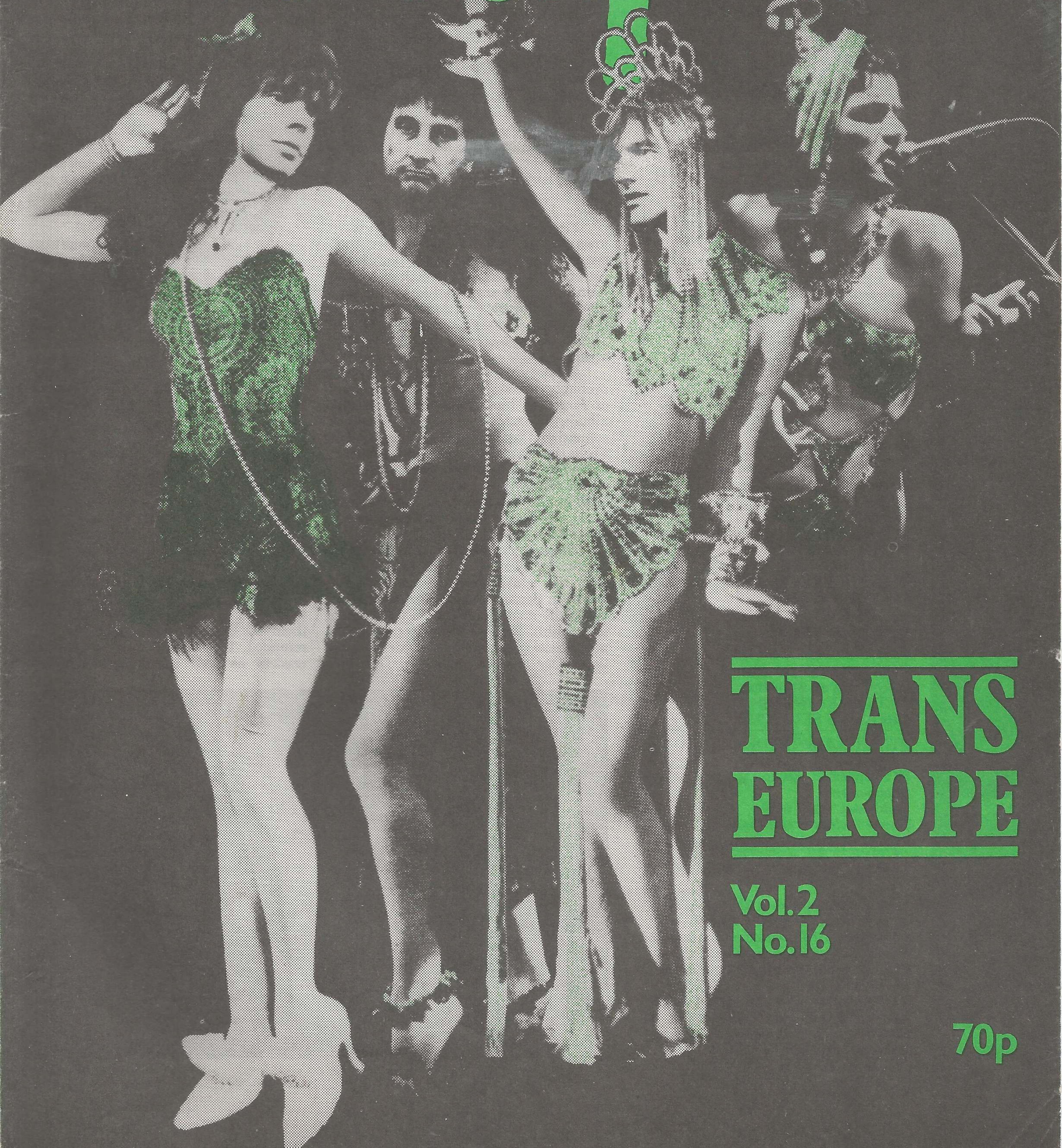


# at hand



**TRANS**  
**EUROPE**

**Vol.2  
No.16**

**70p**



## ***strangled***

**Volume 2 Number 16  
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Hello and welcome to ***strangled*** 16 - and only a matter of two and a bit months after the appearance of No. 15 - this can't last! Thanks for all your letters and things since the last issue, more of them later...

Firstly, news of the band. Well, towards the middle of October they completed their extremely successful European tour, during which they had been putting ideas together for the new album. At the moment they are preparing to leave for Europe to record the album. There's no news of any tour dates yet, I'm afraid.

By the time you read this you will probably already be clutching your copy of *Fire And Water*, Dave and JJ's new album, of which there is a review somewhere amongst these pages. It's likely that the single to be taken from it will be the track *Rain And Dole And Tea*, which features on vocals Maggie Reilly, of Mike Oldfield and *Moonlight Shadow* fame. The single should be released around the New Year.

We at SIS are battling on manfully in the face of impossible odds as per usual. Paul did a disappearing act for three weeks in September/October, ostensibly doing the merchandising on the French tour (huh!), but somehow ***strangled*** 15 nevertheless emerged more or less on time. Our thanks to Steve, Dominic,

Janine, Pete and Tony for all their help in despatching it.

Incidentally, Paul reported a rather amazing coincidence on his return from France. When he and Chris arrived at Southampton to board the ferry, they were given a sticker to affix to the van's windscreen which read "MIB"! We made enquiries with the ferry company and discovered this stood for nothing more exciting than "Merchandise In Baggage".

About 150 of us were fortunate enough to go on the trip to Lille to see the band on 30 September. Space doesn't permit us to go into any great detail about the trip, but it went well apart from a spot of overcrowding on the bus and the arrest of three of the party in Lille after a minor fracas with the landlord of a bar!

For all those who didn't manage to go to any of the dates on the French tour and yet still want a souvenir of it, we are now offering the French tour T-shirts (see order form). They are top quality American sleeveless shirts with the Feline design on the front and the tour dates on the back. You've also got a chance to get one at half-price in our latest special offer. One of the aims of the offer is to try and introduce ***strangled*** to new subscribers. One way for you to help is to send in a sub for a friend who has not previously subscribed. We'll write to them immediately and tell them of your incredible generosity. With the sub you can send us only £2.50 plus 40p p & p (UK) and claim your half-price shirt! You can also receive one at half-price by sending us (along with your £2.50 plus p&p the name and address of a person you've talked into subscribing to the mag. If we then receive a sub from that person, we'll send you your shirt. If we don't receive a sub from them by 31 Jan, your money will be refunded. This offer is open to overseas readers as well who should add the

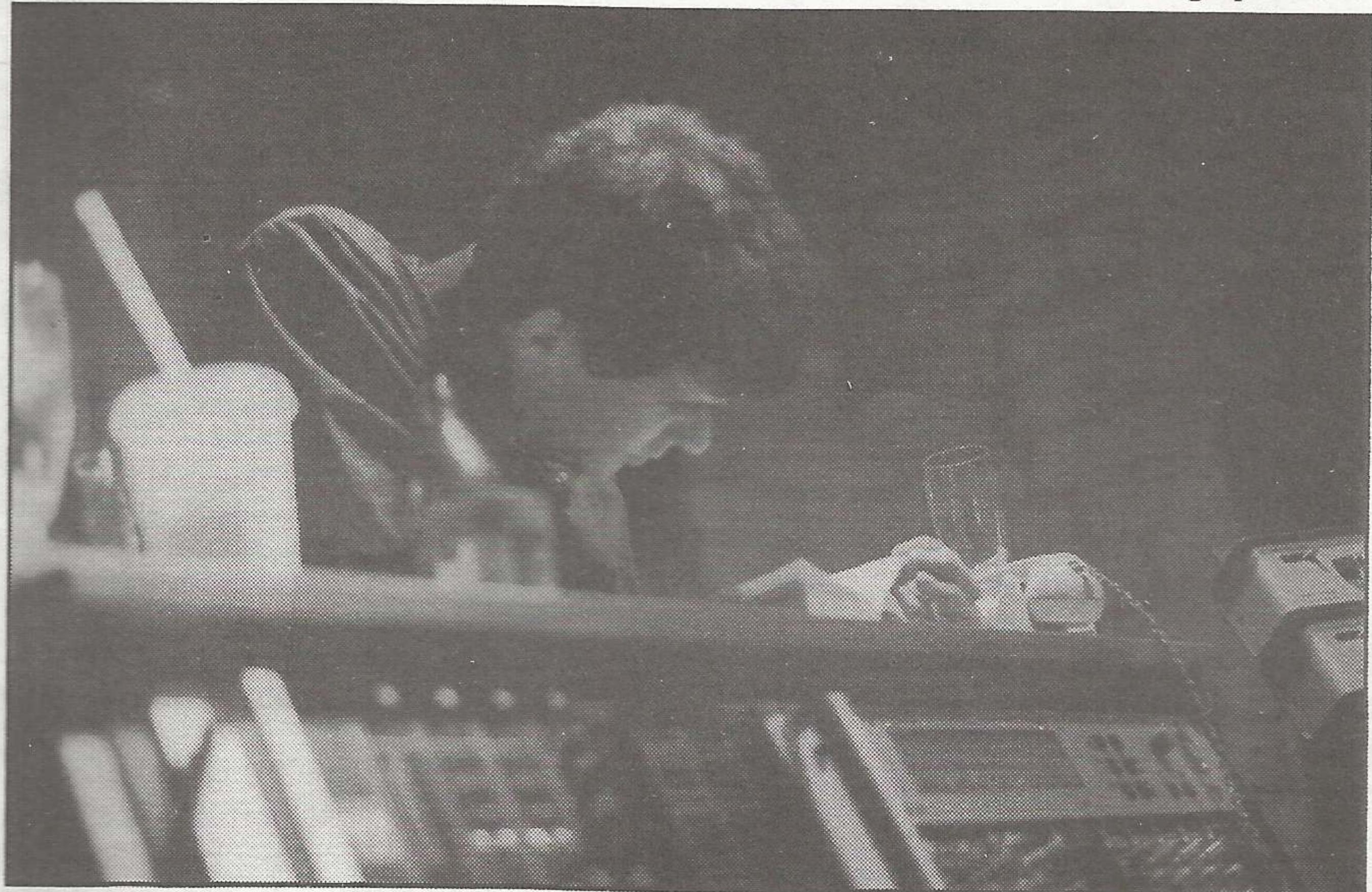


Photograph: Dana

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Photograph: Dana



appropriate p & p charge, and it closes on 31 Jan 1984.

On the subject of merchandise, the Raven button badge, which has always been one of the most popular of our range, has sold out in the 1½" size, and is now available in the 1" size.

The Stranglers seem to have been treated to an unusual amount of media exposure during the past couple of months. The BBC tape of Reading was broadcast on the David Jensen show on Radio One on Wednesday 5 October. Hope you all managed to catch it. I expect most of us sat through week after week of repeats of the Kenny Everett show on BBC 2 to see The Stranglers perform *Midnight Summer Dream*, which they eventually did on Thursday 27 October.

Regular readers of *The Dandy* (of which there are probably more than would admit to it) will have read in the 30 July issue about The Smasher's liking for the band. The Stranglers were also mentioned in a cartoon strip in a lesser known publication, *The Paisley Daily Express*. We wrote to both editors asking for permission to reproduce the cartoons in *strangled*, but with no success. Stranglers exposure doesn't stop there, however. My mother recently sent me a cutting of a mention The Stranglers got in an issue of *Woman And Home* - good grief, where will this end?

The band are not the only ones to have featured in the media this month. A couple of weeks ago we at SIS were interviewed for the *Walton And Weybridge Herald!* Now you're impressed! At last the whole world (or at least a small corner of Surrey) knows what goes on at SIS. According to the reporter: "a small band of people beaver away all day long trying to get to grips with the overwhelming amount of fan mail that thuds on the mat every morning. They dig out the facts, delve out the gory details, dish out

the news and views of the band in black..." It also says that the next issue of *strangled* promises to be "a bit of a thrillsville"! Isn't it always?

Thanks for all your letters about rare recordings. Those that require replies have been forwarded to Chris and Nik and will be answered eventually but, because of the sheer number, this might take a while. Paul Smith has written in from Colne in Lancs to tell us that Adrians are stocking the Robert Williams album *Late One Night* which features Hugh on *Grinding The Gears*, and, even more interestingly, they are selling copies of *The Raven* in the original British 3-D pic sleeve. Adrians have confirmed that they have adequate supplies of both albums.

Whilst on the subject of record shops, Leslie Pring from Taunton has written in to say that one of the addresses given in *strangled* 15, 412 London Road, Ayles-

ford, Maidstone, is *not* a shop. It's a mail order business only and the proprietor cannot deal with personal visits, only with letters enclosing an SAE.

The Stranglers' influence even seems to have extended as far as the grocery trade these days. A couple of weeks ago I innocently went into a grocer's shop and emerged with a carrier bag bearing the legend "Nice and VG does it every time"!

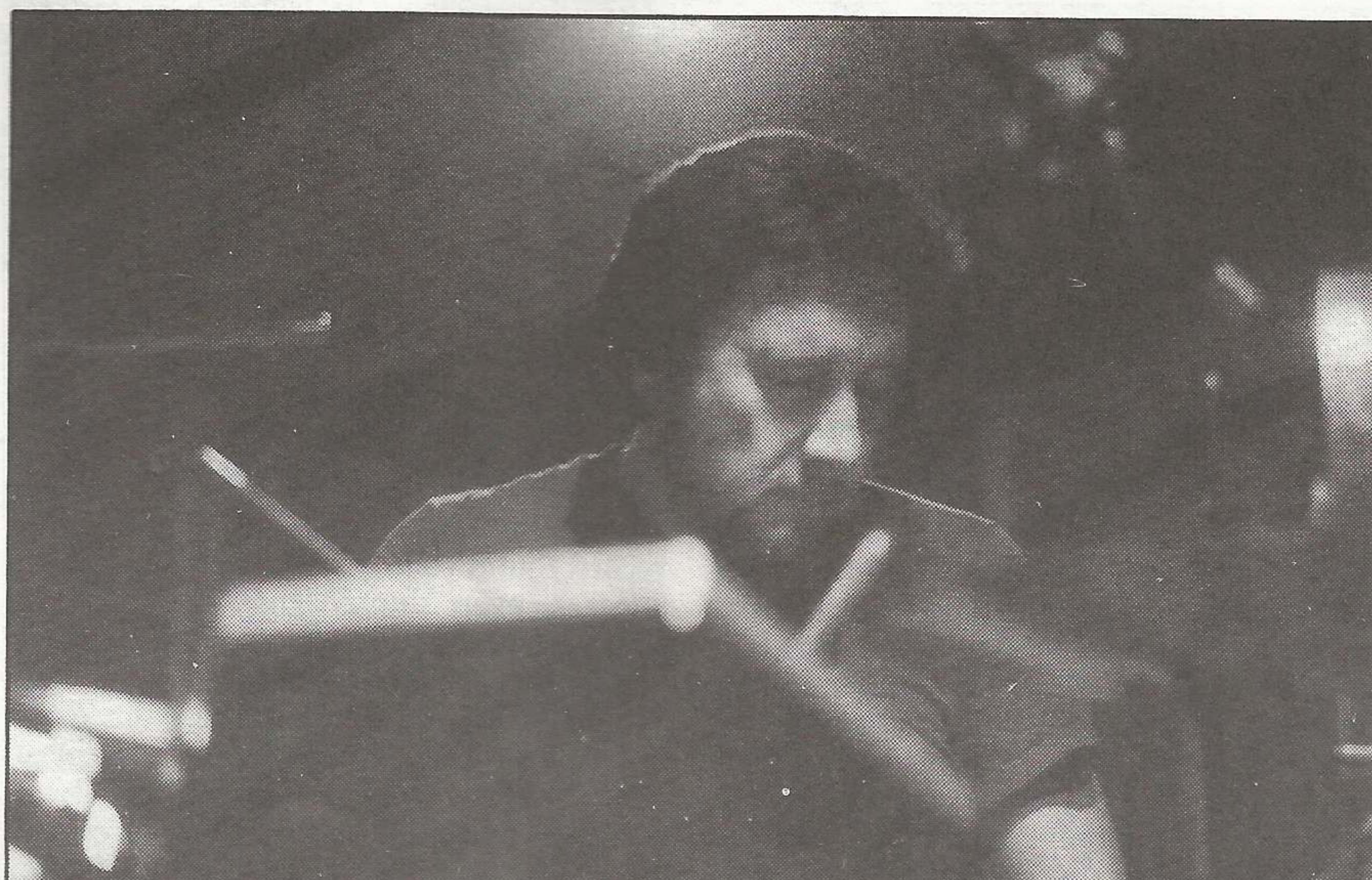
The competition in *strangled* 15 proved quite testing. I'm afraid it wasn't sufficient just to send in the album title and the two tracks from it which appeared in the puzzle! You have to work harder than that! The correct answers were as follows:

- 1 Rats 2 Schreck 3 Klaus 4 SIS 5 Sleep
- 6 Pasche 7 Hero 8 Rome 9 Messing
- 10 Genetix 11 X Cert 12 Top Secret
- 13 TW 14 We 15 Epic 16 Choral 17 La
- 18 Abo 19 Bordello 20 Locker Wall
- 21 Lost 22 Toulouse 23 Sell 24 Logic
- 25 Cornwell 26 LA 27 Aural Sculpture
- 28 Enough Time 29 Mean To 30 Tokyo
- 31 O'Lochlann 32 Nuclear 33 Raven
- 34 English Towns 35 Siberia
- 36 Almeida 37 Animal 38 Lois Du
- 39 Duchess 40 Ships 41 Sunspots
- 42 Street 43 Tango 44 On Earth
- 45 Hate 46 Eurospeed 47 Death
- 48 Threatened 49 Dagenham Dave
- 50 Versa 51 Sad 52 Doors

With these answers inserted, the diagonals read *Rattus Norvegicus* and *Peaches, Sometimes*. Scott Wilson from Airdrie and Mike Madden from Kirkcaldy tied for first place, proving that those north of the border certainly know their stuff.

Finally, we've been receiving a number of communications from some anonymous people in Loughborough on the subject of tapeworms. What is all this about - we're fascinated!

Maggie



Photograph: Dana

STRANGERS

## FIRE &amp;

D. GREENFIELD &amp; J.J. BURNEL

## FIRE &amp; WATER

(ECOUTEZ VOS MURS)

FIRE

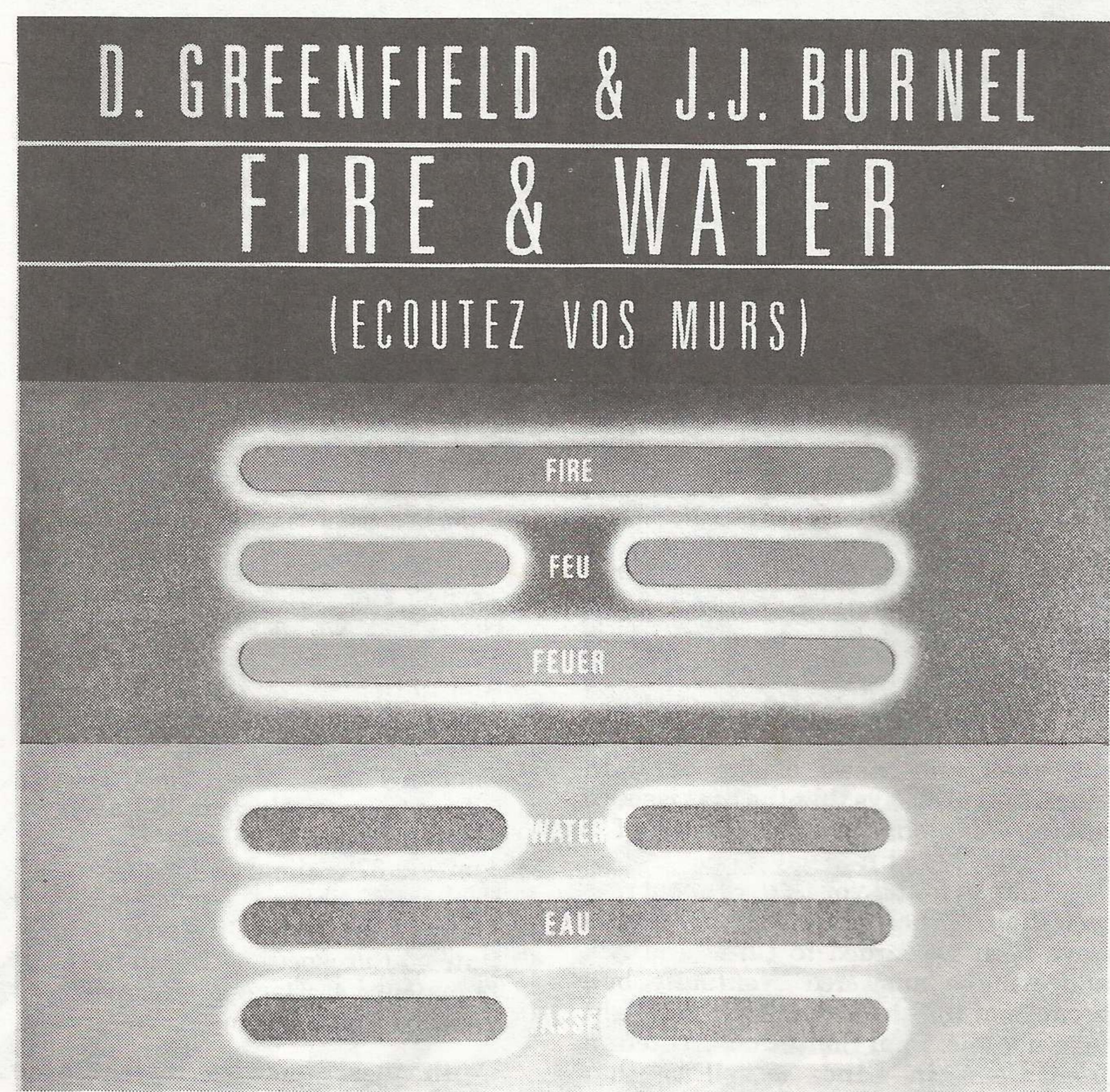
FEU

FEUER

WATER

EAU

WASSER



It has been quite a while now since either *Euroman Cometh* or *Nosferatu* have graced my record-player turntable. When these albums were originally released my initial reaction, on both accounts, was one of disappointment; not so much because I didn't like what I was hearing, but because I didn't like the idea of the "solo album" in principle. Somehow I equated them with those dreadfully self-indulgent mid-seventies bands that had

going it alone. Look what's recently happened to The Jam, Kajagoogoo or Haircut 100...

Four years on and I am not so righteously indignant. Used responsibly, solo albums, and other side projects for that matter, can be useful outlets for surplus artistic creativity and energy. In retrospect neither *Euroman* nor *Nosferatu* would have been suitable directions to pursue within the framework of The



names like "The Grateful Dead" and wrote songs featuring ten-minute guitar solos and equally tiresome drum breaks. Although *Euroman* and *Nosferatu* were thankfully free from either of these banal elements, at the time I felt their existence was detrimental to The Stranglers' reputation and to their stability as a group. After all, it's not uncommon for individuals within a band to start getting ideas about

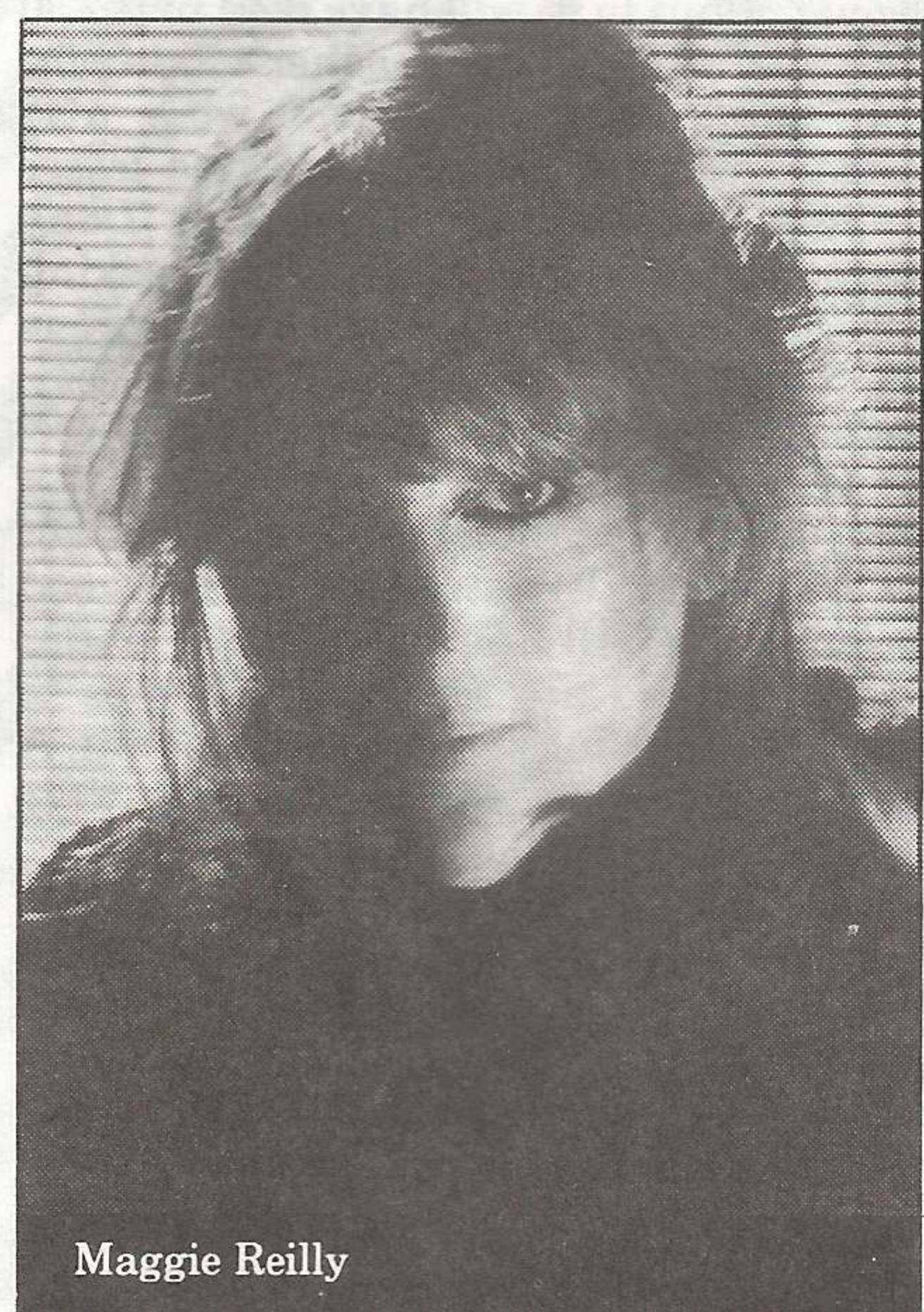
Stranglers. And the fact that neither record found earth-shattering commercial success, even though they both charted briefly, makes my fears of ego-induced distraction pretty redundant. It was with a far more open mind that I welcomed the latest in a line of Stranglers extracurricular activities, the Dave Greenfield/Jean-Jacques Burnel collaboration *Fire And Water*.

*Photograph: Richard Bellia*

In a recent discussion with Hugh I discovered that, on reflection, there is much about *Nosferatu* he is not satisfied with. "I've listened to it recently, and it's a very turgid album," he told me. "I'm still proud of the backing tracks, but the vocals were completely turgid. I was almost going out of my way to make the vocals sound unmusical which was silly because there were some good melodies there. Listening to it now, the album could have been much more pleasing to listen to - I mean, it's even grating to my ears. At the time I hadn't really sung in The Stranglers, it was all shouting. So to suddenly be given an opportunity to sing - I didn't know what to do. I tried to be perverse about it and almost deliberately make myself sound 'orrible. But it was all good learning experience, and you can learn a lot by actually messing some things up. It's like jumping into a pool without a rubber ring when you can't swim. You can actually learn something by floundering around and almost drowning, as long as you can get out at the end."

Jean-Jacques also managed to admit he is not totally contented with the *Euroman Cometh* experiment. Although still proud that it preceded the electronic music vogue by at least a year, he concedes that "Gary Numan and people like that did it better." Still, if *Fire and Water* is sufficient evidence to base an opinion on, I'd say he learnt well from past errors, or floundering, as Hugh would put it. As for Dave...well, someone as microchip orientated as Dave doesn't make mistakes in the first place.

Coincidentally, *Fire And Water* is essentially a film soundtrack. If you cast your minds back to *Nosferatu* again you will remember that this too was a movie soundtrack. The only difference is that the pictures to accompany Hugh's (and Robert



Maggie Reilly

# WATER

Chris Twomey

Williams') concept didn't exist, but in the case of *Fire And Water* they do. Earlier this year Dave and JJ were commissioned by a French film director, Vincent Coudanne, to write the music for a semi-animated French film *Ecoutez Vos Murs* (Listen To Your Walls), which is due to make its debut at the 1984 Cannes Film Festival. *Fire And Water* provides the musical basis for the film but the lyrics were written purely for the album.

It begins with *Liberation*, a largely instrumental piece, during which Dave tells us about a mysterious world out yonder: "It stands before us like a great eternal riddle, at least partially accessible for our inspection and thinking. The consecration of this world beckons like a liberation." (Albert Einstein, 1949).

This is followed by *Rain And Dole And Tea*, possibly the most accessible track on the album, a lively song with a strong sixties feel. It features the wonderfully talented Maggie Reilly on vocals, whose collaboration with Mike Oldfield gained her a major hit single last summer with *Moonlight Shadow*. Although she now has a flourishing solo career of her own, *Rain And Dole And Tea* could well be responsible for getting her back into the public eye, as I have heard unconfirmed reports that it will be released as a single at the end of the year.

Maggie Reilly was introduced to The Stranglers some time ago through Stuart McKillop, a close friend of hers, who also happened to be working with the band's road crew. "Stuart and I used to have a band called Cadobelle," she told me. "It was a sort of funk band with a strong cult following in Scotland. After five years we split the band and Stuart started working with The Stranglers. I went to quite a few of the gigs and met them that way. I got quite friendly with JJ's girlfriend, Anna. She was supposed to be singing the song, but she couldn't do it. It was in the wrong key for her. So JJ phoned me up one night and asked me if I'd like to go down and do it, so I did."

"They were recording in a studio near Cambridge. It was a great little studio, an old converted schoolhouse, and I did all the vocals in one evening. It was meant to sound like The Ronettes or something, so I decided to do as many voices as I could on the harmonies. It was just to give it that "sixties" sound and make it sound like three different vocalists. I enjoyed doing it because it's nothing like the Oldfield thing. It was nice to do something interesting."

Next up is *Vladimir And Sergei*, a hilarious sequel to *Vladimir And Olga*, set to a pleasant waltzing musical backdrop. Assuming a Radio Moscow voice, JJ relates the story of how the couple (*Vladimir And Olga*) are released from their health resort in the Urals but, not being permitted to return to Moscow, Vladimir is re-employed in a tractor plant



Photographs: Medina Rajneesh Creative Services



in Siberia where numerous toasts of vodka help to pass away the time and express their gratitude to "the party" for their good fortunes. "Comradeship and vodka go hand in hand. Unfortunately, Olga was unduly taken by the spirit of comradeship and became fatter and fatter and uglier and uglier. In the end she was volunteered for a further spell in the health resort away from the vodka and from Vladimir."

In Olga's absence Vladimir seeks spiritual and sexual satisfaction elsewhere, for months getting nowhere, until one day Sergei appeared. "Sergei was a sailor. His eyes were eyes used to far horizons. His skin had enjoyed the warmth of the sun and the rough caress of the wind." It wasn't long before other parts of Sergei's body were enjoying a rough caress too, for he and Vladimir seemed to hit it off immediately. "Several bottles later the new comrades in arms were riding the world in Vladimir's apartment room. That night was the warmest he'd had in many months. Somehow Vladimir thought there was nothing wrong in two like minds sharing moments together. Moments stretched into days. Days of shared pleasure and shared pain." Eventually the relationship ends in rather tragic circumstances...

Side One closes with *Le Soir*, a jazzy instrumental which features a swinging acoustic bass riff. *Trois Pédophiles Pour Eric Satyre*, another instrumental, opens the other side of the record. The title of this track is an elaborate play on words. Erik Satie (1866-1925) is one of JJ's musical heroes. Closely involved with the Dada and Surrealist movements in art, Satie was regarded as a charlatan by musicians who misunderstood his irreverence and wit. Satie wrote filmscore music and scored a ballet for typewriters, sirens, aeroplane propellers, ticker tape and a lottery wheel! He mocked the seriousness of his contemporaries by giving his works titles like *Three Flabby Preludes* and *Three Pieces In The Shape Of A Pear*. JJ had an early piano piece by Satie in mind when he thought of *Trois Pédophiles* (three paedophiles). In 1888 Satie wrote a piano piece called *Trois Gymnopédies*. "Gymnopédie" is an obscure French word from the Greek "gymnos" (naked) and Latin "pes" (foot) which refers to barefoot parades in Ancient Greece. The "paedo" in paedophile is from a different Greek root which means child. At the time JJ was working on the title for this track the press was full of reports of paedophile activities in high places in our society. Eric Satyre is an obvious pun on Erik Satie. "Satyre" in French means a sex maniac.

The track opens with a series of crashing electronic drum patterns which sound as though they're being played by a robotic Phil Collins. This gives way to some weird synthesiser noises which flow into a long section of tranquil Satie-esque piano chords.

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The latter could hardly contrast more harshly with the next track *Dino Rap*, a disco-bop dedicated to Dino Rogers, drinker and security man extraordinaire. A more comprehensive illustration of Watfordese you couldn't wish for. The rapping is not actually done by the man himself, but is a very accurate impersonation by JJ. It's definitely Watfordese dictionaries at the ready for this one.

F  
R  
E  
&  
M  
Dino Rap is followed by Nuclear Power (Yes Please), to my mind the least attractive piece of music on the album. The controversial title is likely to rub a few

thousand conservationists and CND supporters up the wrong way, but I'm sure that's the whole idea. "I love nuclear power, it might make me lose my head. I love nuclear power, it's better than being

dead. But I don't care what people say. Well I don't care it's here to stay". Knowing that JJ is capable of constructing a more

My personal favourite comes next, *Detective Privé*. When listening through the album with me for the first time, my flatmate commented "ere, this sounds like The Eurythmics" (everything sounds like The Eurythmics to her at the moment) and indeed there is some similarity. A very catchy keyboard melody runs throughout the song, but all resemblance to The Eurythmics breaks down as soon as JJ begins his deep-voiced narration en français, at which point my O-level French ceases to be of any use to me. However, I do at least know that "detective privé" means private investigator, which has me wondering whether it might be a send-up of Dire Straits' *Private Investigations*. If there is to be a second single from the album, this will surely be it.

**R**  
**E**

The record closes with *Consequences*, an atmospheric piece of music (yet another instrumental) which features the best impersonation of a Campanologists' Annual General Meeting ever attempted by a synthesiser. And there you have it.

Holding the firm opinion that aural sculpture should remain aural sculpture, it is not for me to give a psycho-analytical breakdown of the record, as I'm sure the music papers will bore us enough with theirs.

profound lyrical message than this (and of singing in tune) I think it's safe to assume this is another of his wind-ups. I just want to be the first to say I didn't fall for it.

Record reviews are inevitably purely personal interpretations which is why they tend to be fairly meaningless exercises. It wouldn't be fair to judge *Fire And Water* on a broad commercial level, it fitting more comfortably into the "experimental" vein of *Nosferatu* and *Euroman*. But having said that, the album comes out way ahead of previous solo projects in terms of accessibility and commerciality.

No doubt the critics will award it the usual Government Health Warning and then use it for frisbee practice - which gives me ■

T all the more reason to love it. It only remains for me to try and predict what might come next: how about a Jet Black

solo album? Or even better, a Dave Greenfield/Jimmy The Hoover concept collaboration? As I'm sure someone famous once said, "anything can happen"!

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Satie by Picasso

After making this suggested layout for this page the editors have asked us to justify using such odd typography. I cannot respond in any way other than to say that the layout is a natural expression of my limited understanding of Dada, the art movement, which is mentioned in this article. The beauty of a mustached cup or the shock of a fur-lined coat is a result of the Dadaists only serving to bring my attention to everyday reality. For me, this is a simply arranging the text into simple playful absurd solution to using and textural areas.

# If it's wednesday this must be

"Deux bières, s'il vous plaît."

"I'm sorry?"

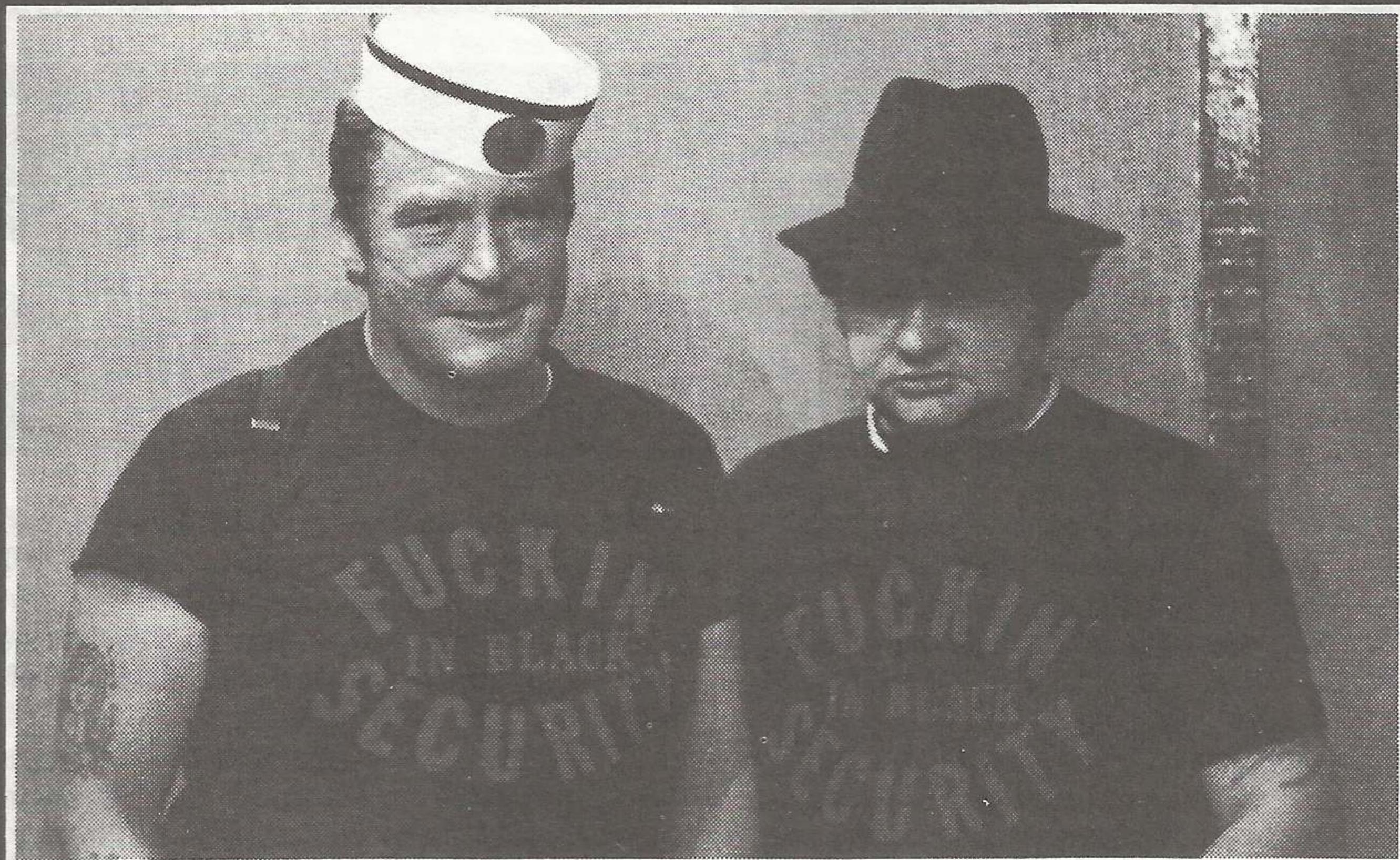
"Deux bières."

"No mate, this isn't a bar. We sell T-Shirts."

Several nights into The Stranglers' tour of France and we were already being mistaken for barmen, cloakroom attendants, even lavatory attendants: anything, it seemed, other than rock and roll merchandisers. Soon we learned ('we' being **strangled** editor Paul Roderick and myself) that anything even remotely resembling a bar was treated as such - proving that the French are either a nation of alcoholics or, more realistically,

its contents. We joked about how it would be possible to bring half a ton of gold bullion into the country so long as the paperwork was all right! We also surmised that we would have had fewer problems getting our T-shirts into the Soviet Union...

Our gripes aside, though, the tour was a major triumph. After a reasonably leisurely cross-country drive from Le Havre to the south spread over two and a half days, we met up with the band in Toulouse on Sunday 25 September. Their spirits were high. Apparently the Spanish dates had been very successful and, apart from the immense heat, they had enjoyed themselves.



Joe Seabrook and Dino Rogers

Photograph: Nik Yeomans

that they are not yet accustomed to rock and roll merchandisers.

Our trip had got off to a shaky start with the preposterous difficulty we had experienced in getting our stock into France in the first place. With Britain and France both being members of the EEC, one might have expected a van full of T-shirts and sweatshirts to pass through French customs virtually unnoticed alongside all the articulated freight carriers. Not so. For ten hours we were held prisoner at the port of Le Havre and forced to wait while agents and customs officers checked and re-checked our paperwork. At one point we heard that a copy of the information sheet (written in French) which we had brought with us to give out free at the 'gigs' was being censored by a local government official in case of 'double entendre' and an underlying propaganda message! Ironically, when we were eventually released, not one box in the van had been checked for

There was a strong sense of expectancy in France thanks mainly to the sudden massive interest the French media are taking in The Stranglers. Despite competition from other major contemporary acts like The Police, The Stray Cats and U2, it was this tour everyone was waiting for.

It seems strange to think that in 1983 - after nine albums and God knows how many singles - The Stranglers are suddenly a 'happening' band in France. In many ways they are possibly bigger there than in Britain, for although they are not as well established in France, it is obvious from the type of crowds they are pulling that they are considered to be a fashionable band right now. Stranger still, the record that appears to have facilitated this sudden rise to fame across the channel is *Feline*. In Britain this album was regarded as a time-marker; interesting but unexceptional. In France, however, it has instigated a

Nant  
Cond  
Nice  
Paris

breakthrough in the band's career, has been in the album charts for nine months and is still climbing! The only album to achieve that kind of run in Britain was *Rattus Norvegicus*.

French audiences are definitely different. For a start they are far more fashion-conscious than the British. There was, for instance, no evidence of the sea of black that follows the band around the UK. The order of dress was much as you would expect to find it at a Heaven 17 or Human League gig at the Hammersmith Odeon. The other significant difference was the sex ratio at each concert. In Britain the band's following is, at a guess, 75% male, but in France it's a fairly even balance. One explanation for this could be that the French haven't benefited from seven years of scathing comments by the music press and are therefore free from certain prejudices. A more interesting possibility, though, was offered to me at one of the gigs by a certain European female. She explained that The Stranglers' appeal in France stems from the mysticism and romance that many of their more recent songs seem to convey. In particular, songs like *Golden Brown*, *La Folie*, *Midnight Summer Dream* and *European Female* (all of which were hits in France) have been responsible for giving the French public this impression. Indeed, we were amused to watch the blank expressions on many a young Jean-Pierre's face as the band steamed through old classics like *5 Minutes* and *Hanging Around*, while they greeted each familiar opening bar of tracks from *Feline* with a roar of appreciation. In Britain, of course, the reaction is almost totally reversed.

Touring, as Jet often reminded us, is what you make of it. It can be a very rewarding experience and a lot of fun; it can also be very tiring and highly stressful. Our 'tour de France', for instance, was characterised by long drives (sometimes up to 350 miles a day), long hours, and often at the end of the day after pitiful merchandise sales, long faces. Soon we drifted into the daily pattern which we followed throughout the tour: a mid-morning start to the next town, check into that night's hotel, down to the venue to eat and set up while the band did their sound check, confined to selling point until the gig was over, recount stock and return to hotel. Next day, follow exactly the same routine.

The most profitable tours are the ones where breaks and days-off are kept to a minimum, if possible excluded altogether. This particular tour was

TOUR

Dino pictured with unidentified friend

Photograph: Caroline Wright



constructed with economy in mind, which is why the band and road crew had no days off except when journeys were so long it was necessary to set aside a whole day just for travelling. We were more fortunate. When the band broke off for a while to play in Italy we were left to twiddle our thumbs and roast our bodies on the beaches of Nice and St Tropez!

It was a fascinating experience being able to watch a tour in progress for the first time. I now know that it's impossible to appreciate the extent of organisation that goes into a tour without actually being involved. It is also easy for me to understand why a lot of bands hate touring: life on the road may sound glamorous - indeed it can be for a while - but after weeks, or even days, places become meaningless, and all that matters is what time tonight's gig finishes (so you know what time you're likely to get to bed) and how long tomorrow's journey will be. The film *If It's Tuesday, This Must Be Belgium* (a send-up of those wretched European coach tours that enable American tourists to 'do' Europe in a week) is probably equally applicable to rock and roll touring. I remember struggling hard once to work out whether it was a Tuesday, Wednesday or Thursday. In the end I could only do it by working backwards to the date of the first French gig, which I knew to be a Monday!

When I received my copy of the itinerary before the tour I was delighted to see it included a number of French towns and cities that I'd always wanted to visit. In my naivety I thought we would have enough time each day to explore a bit of each town, but sadly it was not to be. I remember Toulouse, but only because it was the first night and I was nursing a dreadful hangover. Paris I remember because Paris is not easy to forget, especially when you've spent between three and four hours in nose-to-tail traffic there. Lille I remember thanks to the three coachloads of Britons who turned up and displayed the usual Anglo-frog cordiality. Nancy I remember because it marked the end of the tour, but all the other dates tend to fade into a grey blur. We also found it very frustrating when we would pass places en route which we wanted to stop and look at, either because they had some historical significance or just because they sounded interesting, but time wouldn't permit us to do so. One such place was the town of Condom which we passed on the journey between Toulouse and Bordeaux. The more puerile amongst us wondered whether this was the birthplace (if you'll excuse the pun) of the French letter. Not being able to find out for ourselves, we were later assured by Jet that it was inhabited by a bunch of pricks!

There were several other disorienta-

ting features about the tour - the main offenders being the hotels where we were staying. They were all part of a large chain of international four-star hotels where, for the sake of convenience, we had to stay because of the unsocial hours we were keeping. Although luxurious, they were nevertheless devoid of character and so similar to one another in layout and design that it was easy to forget where you were and, in a state of moderate intoxication, attempt to break into a room which was roughly where you thought you'd left it the night before!

Musak, and plenty of it, was another feature of these hotels. If you wanted to escape from Duane Eddy's twangy guitar or The Carpenters' Greatest Hits, you had but two choices: your room or the nearest lavatory. What amused us most about these places, however, was their inability to cope with the whims and temperaments of rock musicians. The fact that neither we nor The Stranglers

SCREECHHH

were dressed in three-piece suits like the rest of their clientele made us objects of suspicion and ideal candidates for the service with a scowl policy. At times I felt our foreign lingo might have had a wee bit to do with this as well.

The tour entourage was divided into two main groups: the road crew and the band (which also included Bill Tuckey, the tour manager, and Joe Seabrook and Dino Rogers, the security men). Although not strictly a part of either group, we were a lot closer to the band than the road crew for we ate at the same times, stayed in the same hotels and travelled at roughly the same times as well. Essentially, the road crew lead a very separate life from the band. After a gig they would dismantle the equipment and load it onto the truck, after which they would load themselves on to a coach specially fitted with bunks and sleep through the night en route to the next town. By the time the band reached the venue for sound check the following day everything would be set up for them.

When it comes down to it, a tour can only really be made fun, or otherwise, by the people who are on it. Fortunately The Stranglers, contrary to popular opinion, have a strong sense of humour which is shared by most of the people who work for them. In particular, Joe and Dino often had us amused with stories of other tours with other bands. Both of them

were/are quite heavy drinkers and when they weren't driving the band from one town to the next, or keeping an eye out for misdemeanours, they liked to put a few away in the hotel bar or help themselves from the minibars in their rooms. These were usually well stocked with several small bottles of spirits, several bottles of beer and one or two other things.

One morning we were checking out of our hotel when Dino arrived at Reception to pay his bill. The checking-out procedure also involved owning up to the drinks you had consumed from your minibar, and paying for them. "Did Sir 'ave anything to drink from ze minibar?"

with the fact that they had a rock and roll band on the premises and obviously didn't know how to handle the situation at all. On occasions this led to one or two very funny scenes. For instance, one morning Jet arrived at the hotel restaurant too late to be served with breakfast. Not content with being told that the restaurant was closed (the actual excuse was that they had run out of eggs), he and Joe marched off to the kitchen and started helping themselves to anything they could lay their hands on. What was so incredible was that the kitchen staff seemed to raise absolutely no objection to this gross intrusion!

**"Ironically Nice was probably the most enjoyable gig of the tour."**

Watfordese expressions and demanding we tell him how one of his shirts managed to find its way 15 feet up into a tree.

All this went on in full view and hearing of the hotel staff as well as the other residents. Unfortunately they weren't able to share our little joke, preferring instead to cast the odd hostile glare in our direction. It occurred to me though, that no-one had the courage to reprimand either Joe, Jet or Dino for their behaviour!

Bambi's presence on the road was another cue for the band to have a little fun from time to time. During her act

OH FUCK  
ON THE' WÉ'RE  
CONTINENT!

MERDE!  
E BLUDY FULL  
ZINGK HEEL  
DUINK!!!

asked the polite young receptionist. "Yeah," replied Dino. "What exactly did Sir 'ave to drink" she queried. "The 'ole lot." There seemed nothing strange about this until we discovered that each minibar contained enough alcohol to kill at least six healthy adult human beings. Later in the day Dino complained of feeling 'a bit rough'.

Another morning Jet and Paul went down to the hotel car park to get something from our transit van (most of these large hotels had underground parking facilities) where they got lost looking for the vehicle. After encountering a similar difficulty trying to get out again, Jet walked up to the receptionist and demanded to know the name of the hotel architect. The girl looked puzzled. "What do you want to know zis for?" she asked. "Because it's taken me ten minutes to get out of your car park," said Jet. "He's obviously mad, he ought to be locked up."

Again, in Bordeaux, where the band played two nights in a row, we were all sitting around the hotel pool one afternoon when Jet and Joe noticed that Dino was washing his shirts and hanging them from his room window to dry. While Dino wasn't looking Joe picked up a long pole and started to unhook the shirts from the window which was on the second floor of the building, and hang them instead from the tops of trees and bushes all over the garden. The idea was to confuse Dino into thinking someone had a duplicate key to his room and was letting themselves in to swipe his shirts. We waited with faces as straight as possible for Dino to arrive and notice that his shirts were scattered all around the hotel grounds. Sure enough, minutes later he emerged issuing a series of crude

they would crouch behind speakers and amplifiers to get a good view of the crowd, and took an almost sadistic delight in watching their reactions which were not always particularly favourable. Bambi had an amazing air of self-confidence, though, and even when her act had to be cut short because of the cans and bottles being thrown, she would tell us how well it was going and how she was thinking of going to Paris after the tour to look for a recording contract. Sad though it is to admit it, most of the entourage was wary of her for obvious reasons. Sometimes she seemed to be trying to compensate for her transsexuality by overstating and overemphasising her femininity. One day during mealtime she was telling us about the new dress she had just bought to wear on stage - a sexy mini semi-seethrough number - after which JJ enquired, "Is it really you?" Bambi took this and many other friendly digs in good humour.

As the tour progressed a few familiar faces began to crop up from town to town. We realised that a lot of people were

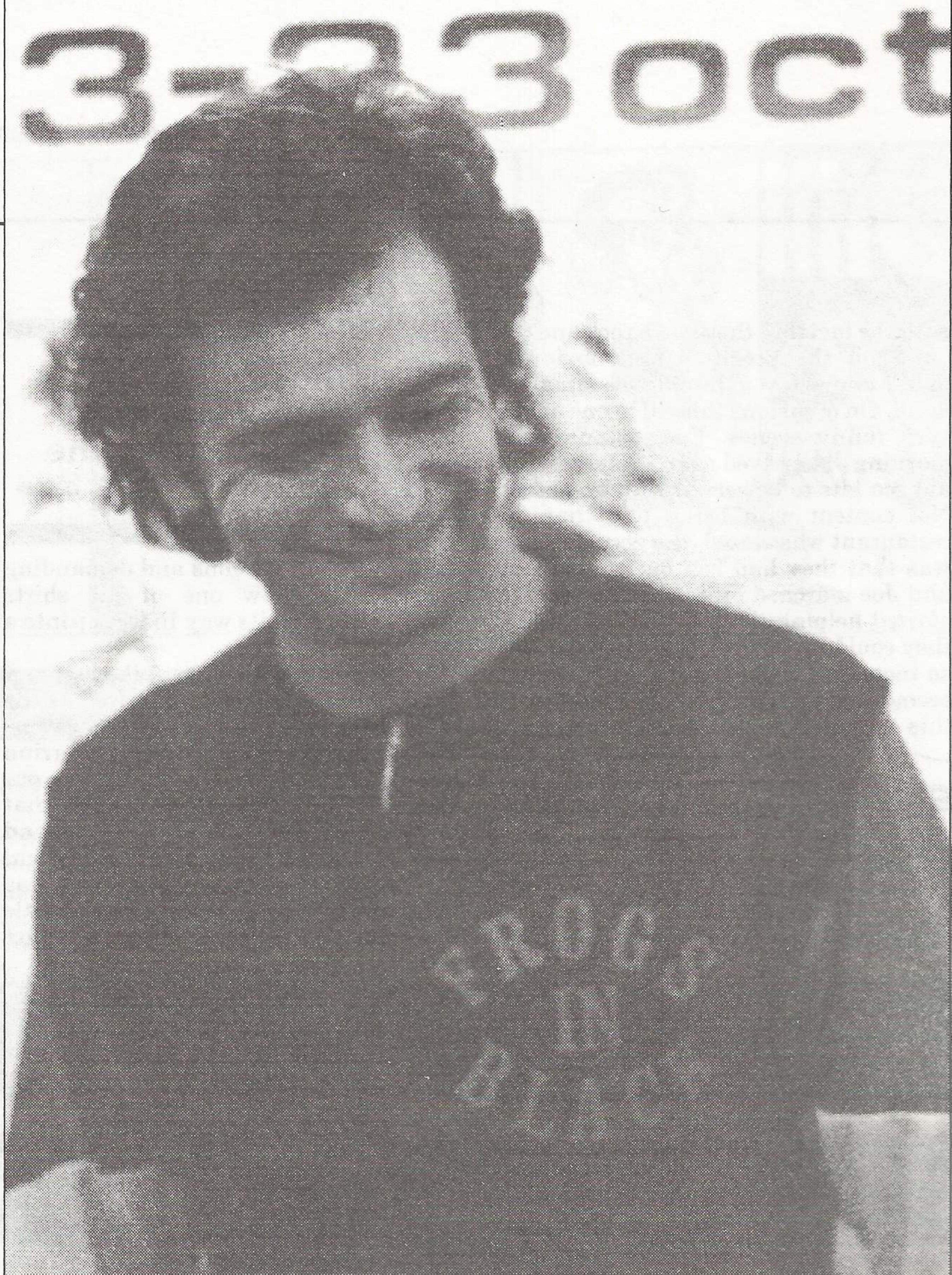
### **"Touring, as Jet often reminded us, is what you make of it."**

Dino also excelled himself in another way - by talking in a manner that was predominantly incomprehensible to anyone not familiar with his strange Watford dialect (check out *Dino Rap* on the new *Fire and Water* LP). Thanks to Hugh this particular language was soon officially recognised as Watfordese. Here are some examples: "I saw this geezer bootlegging in the crowd so I reached over and paid\* 'im."..."Why didn't yer Bruce Lee\*er JJ? She obviously wanted a rooting\*."

There were plenty of other incidents to keep us amused. As I mentioned earlier, most of the hotels where we stayed seemed totally unable to cope

\*Typical Watfordese expressions: to pay = to apply physical pressure; to root = to make love; to Bruce Lee = this term causes some confusion. Perhaps it refers to one of Bruce Lee's finest moments, the film *Enter The Dragon*. In this context it appears to have certain sexual connotations.

# FRENCH TOUR



Photograph: Nik Yeomans

Alain Lahana, the French tour promoter

following the band for several days at a time, in some cases for the whole tour. What's more, a lot of these were British fans. One guy I spoke to on several occasions (I never discovered his name) had to return to England halfway through the tour to appear in court. Amazingly though, he was back again a couple of days later to complete his trip around France. Many of these fans were sleeping wherever they could - in railway stations or on park benches.

One benefit that came from following a whole tour was being able to catch the spontaneous incidents as they happened. Fortunately there were no riots this time around - ironically Nice was probably the most enjoyable gig of the tour - but on occasions the band felt compelled to issue a fatherly six of the best to a young offender in the customary manner. In some places a slight variation on the "spanking" theme came into play. For instance, in Marseille Hugh offered a "reward" to anyone who could sing the whole of *The Marseillaise* from the stage (everything he said was automatically interpreted by JJ). Within seconds the stage was invaded by potential rock starlets, very few of whom were making any effort to sing *The Marseillaise*, preferring to grasp this opportunity to entertain a large crowd

**"A lot of people were following the band for several days at a time."**

with their own songs. The "reward" was eventually presented to the only young male on stage in the form of a public spanking.

This worried Bill Tuckey, who later at the hotel bar expressed concern for the band's deviating sexual preferences. "There were several women on that stage tonight and they spanked the only man in sight. There has to be something wrong with that," he said.

By Friday 14 October we had reached the final French tour date - in fact, the final date of the whole European tour - Nancy. The gig was part of a ten-day jazz festival - this being the only rock night of the event - and supporting The Stranglers were Level 42 and a French band called Kas Product. I had fully expected to be bored stiff by Level 42, not appreciating much jazz-funk myself, but have to admit to enjoying parts of their set. JJ, it seems, was quite impressed too, for after watching their



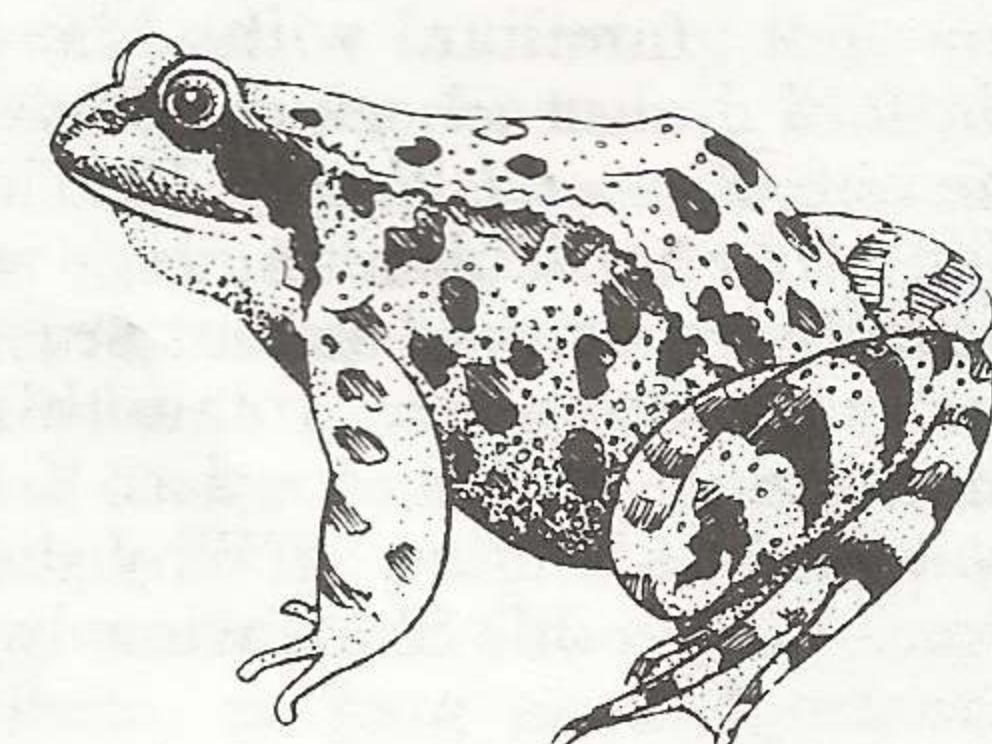
Zetek's frog  
*Atelopus zeteki*  
2½ in.

bass player, Mark King, at work he was heard to make a comment about giving up!

Suddenly it was all over - well, the tour at least. As we travelled back up north towards Calais the weather started to deteriorate, betraying our proximity to the motherland with every mile. By the time we reached Calais we were tired and frankly not looking forward to a long wait before we could board our ferry to Dover. Our worst fears were confirmed when we found we had five hours to kill in the crowded ferry terminus along with twenty coachloads of drunk British daytrippers. Looking around for somewhere to sit, we noticed two stools in an empty passport control booth. No-one seemed to object to our being there - in fact we soon realised that people were actually volunteering to show us their passports. Sitting up straight and keeping our mouths shut we saw this as a final opportunity to have some fun. Everything was fine until later when we discovered that all these people who had just been grovelling at our feet thinking we were French passport officials were now on our boat!

Back in Shepperton the transit van's mileometer revealed that we had travelled 4,259 miles in 23 days - an average of 185 miles per day! Our final stock count wasn't too depressing, we had sold out of everything except a few special French Tour T-shirts and some badges. In the words of the song: fond adieu but never say goodbye. The Stranglers will almost certainly be paying France, and other parts of Europe, a return visit at some stage in 1984.

Chris Twomey



Common frog  
*Rana temporaria*  
4 in.

# A Simple Girl from a Simple Town

I

In this age of the great sex battle it is easy - amongst talk of male chauvinism and women's liberation - to forget about the small minority who are effectively exempt from the whole debate. These are the transsexuals: men and women who display the physical attributes of one sex whilst emotionally they belong to the other side. Until comparatively recently there was little to console these people - their lives often one unhappy fight against the roles they felt more natural playing - but in many modern cases the transsexual can receive hormone treatment to enable them to cross the sexual barrier. Despite the brave efforts of well known transsexuals like Tula and Amanda Lear to raise the tone of transsexuality, the term is still often unfairly associated with prostitution and sexual perversion.

The Stranglers first met Bambi, a San Francisco transsexual, in 1981 during their eleven-week tour of the USA. They were appearing at a club called The Stone at the time, where Bambi distinguished herself by performing a striptease act during *Nice 'n' Sleazy*. Two years passed and in March this year the band returned to San Francisco by which time Bambi had a show of her own. She invited them to come and see it - which they did - and was subsequently asked to support The Stranglers on their recent European Tour.

Her act, typically, is a million miles from The Stranglers in every sense. She draws heavily on Hollywood musicals, Vaudeville and cabaret, and her shows during the European Tour (which she described as 'work in progress') emphasised her long-standing infatuation with Marlene Dietrich. Naming herself after a legendary '60s transsexual, she was born John Purcell. She describes herself as 'a simple girl from a simple town', but in reality she is neither. Chris Twomey and Paul Roderick attempt to discover something about the bizarre life and world of Bambi...

**PR:** Can you tell us about your upbringing? Did your parents give you a strict male-stereotyped role to follow or did you rebel against it? When did you first feel feminine?

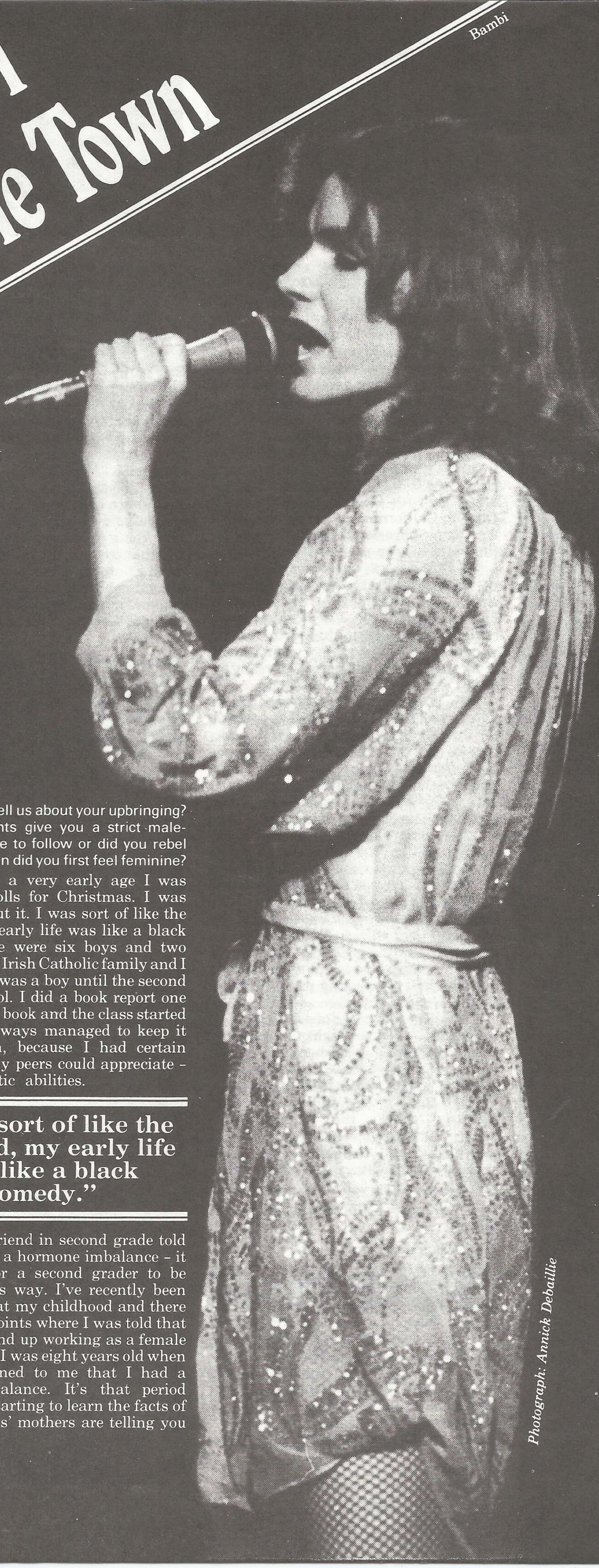
**B:** Well, from a very early age I was demanding dolls for Christmas. I was very sure about it. I was sort of like the bad seed, my early life was like a black comedy. There were six boys and two girls in our big Irish Catholic family and I didn't know I was a boy until the second grade at school. I did a book report one day on a girls' book and the class started laughing. I always managed to keep it going, though, because I had certain talents that my peers could appreciate - like my artistic abilities.

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**"I was sort of like the bad seed, my early life was like a black comedy."**

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My best friend in second grade told me that I had a hormone imbalance - it was funny for a second grader to be talking in this way. I've recently been looking back at my childhood and there were certain points where I was told that I'd probably end up working as a female impersonator. I was eight years old when it was explained to me that I had a hormone imbalance. It's that period when you're starting to learn the facts of life and friends' mothers are telling you things...



Photograph: Annick Debaille

# INTERVIEW



There were all sorts of points. My father took me to see Lesley Carron in *Gigi* when I was about that age too. That was a strong influence seeing movies like that. I guess I was sort of a disappointment to my parents because my mother was a big baseball fan and all my brothers were in baseball leagues but I refused. I always managed to keep it rolling through highschool, to keep the respect of my peers somehow. I wasn't a total loss. I was working in professional theatre at an early age - as a matter of fact I was in the original Broadway cast of *Oliver* with Georgia Brown when it came to California. I was fourteen and I was on a professional stage. Things like that tend to keep people off your back.

As far as sex was concerned, when the time came I never really made love to a girl. Some people find that hard to believe, but it's true. I don't think much really happens in highschool, but whatever was happening I wasn't really involved with. By the time I was ready for sex, it wasn't with a girl.

Then there came a point after college when my family found out what I was up to, that I was turning gay, and I was thrown out of the house. I had girlfriends but I didn't have a car and I didn't have much push. So this big switch came in. It was 1970 and the world was going through the whole Vietnam thing. Above all there was this huge gay movement coming out of San Francisco. That's when I just left the house and moved into a house of about 25 transvestites in the Mission district of San Francisco. We were chased around the block by Mexicans and things like that, but we survived by pulling together. That's when I met my first transsexuals - boys my age that were taking pills to change the body chemistry.

I became a member of a theatre group called The Angels of Light. It was a gay theatre group. That's when I started to develop my Dietrich identity. We did massive productions of Chinese operas and Kabuki shows and very lavish, beautiful things that weren't even advertised. It was a very strange period. I was able to play the Queen Bee of that group for a long time.

**CT:** Where would you play?

**B:** Outdoors in baseball diamonds usually.

**CT:** Was it all spontaneous?

**B:** Well no, it was planned. We had a little bit of help from the community and they were really beautiful shows. At that time, I must have been 22, I started to develop my character - the character I was going to go with. We would always be doing shows: Christmas shows, Hallowe'en, New Year, and I'd always sneak a Dietrich song in. That was a habit I kind of fell into.

By then I wasn't really living totally

as a woman, but I was living pretty much socially as a woman at parties. I never identified with the gay male role. I hadn't started taking the pills but socially I was a girl.

**CT:** How did your friends react to that - the people you grew up with?

**B:** I never saw them again. When you leave, you leave, you know. I haven't seen my mother in fourteen years. Maybe that is kind of heavy - at Christmas you feel it - but I had to decide if it was her life or if it was mine. I don't know what I would have been had I not made the decision. Probably a hairdresser or something. The transsexual has to make a choice: are they going to be a real feminine man and live that part, which people don't seem to mind so much. Or you have the choice of becoming a transsexual and, yes, you are going to make a lot of enemies and you're going to get a lot of static from people all around.

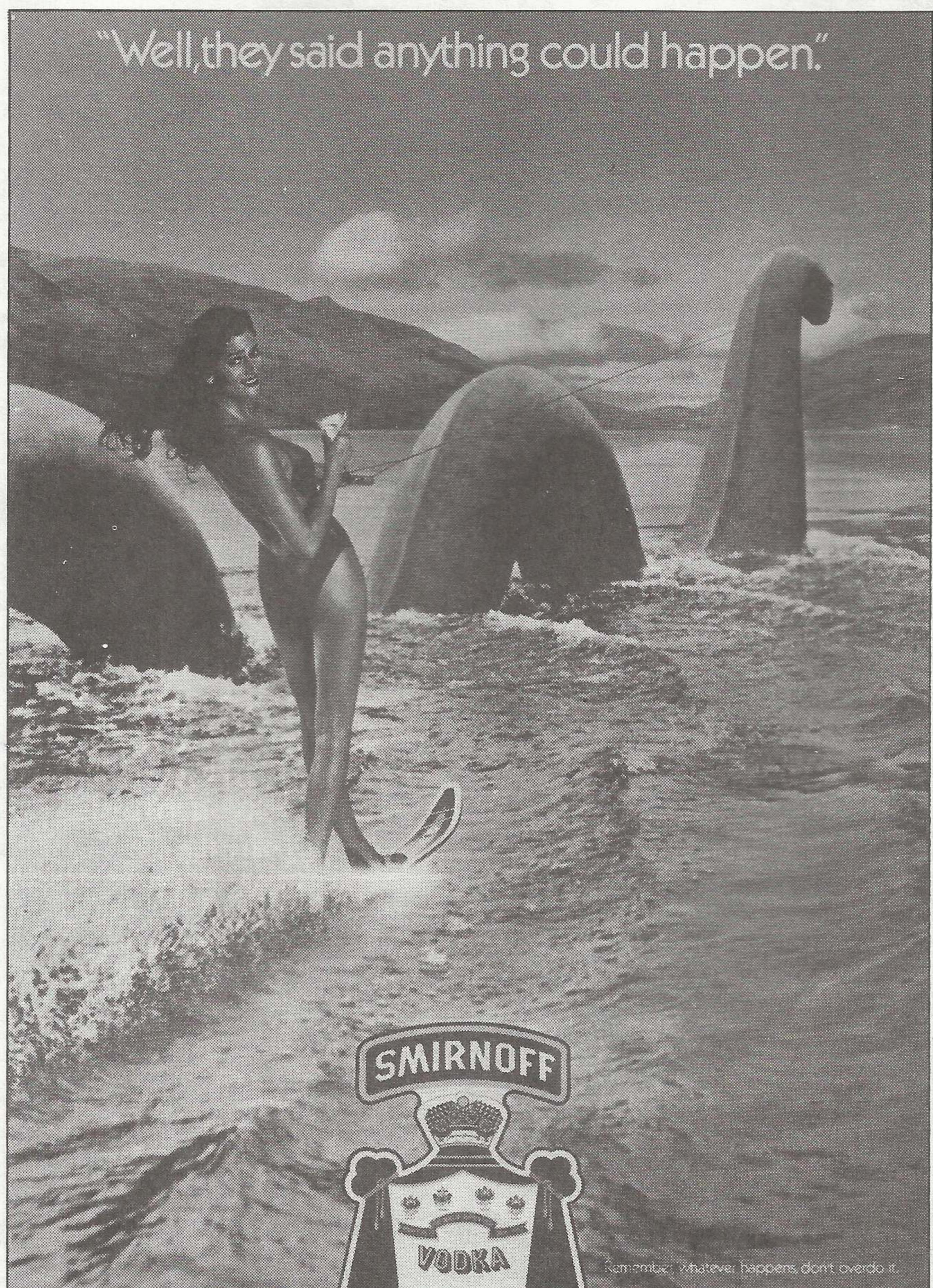
**CT:** Is it a case of having to establish your feminine identity by actually crossing the barrier?

**B:** Yes, but once you make that decision you have to be practical about it too. You have to have a job and you have to make it work for you. Well, fortunately I've always had enough talent, maybe, to make it. Okay, I did that gay theatre troupe for two years, well that ended up as a job. We went to England for a year and then moved off again to New York.

I always managed to keep on the road. For that whole period of my life, from like '73 to '76, I was touring, doing shows and getting paid. We went through Holland, France and Germany on the road. There would be times where we'd have to survive on our own for a month in the middle of Holland, or something. I'd do a bit of fashion modelling to keep going.

Eventually the troupe broke up. I had

"Well, they said anything could happen."



Remember: whatever happens, don't overdo it.



a fight with the two guys who were running it and afterwards I took off for Berlin. I had an offer of a job there, and that's when I started the treatments. I was now 25.

A year in Berlin with good pay and I was ready to leave because I was under the domineering influence of the girl who ran the club I was working at. I got very frustrated in the end because I was being asked to mime to records. This drove me up the wall because I knew I had more talent and it was going to waste. There was a lot of bitchiness amongst all the girls at the club as well. It became like a beauty contest, you know, who was the prettier, and that really aggravated me. So I came back to San Francisco to do another show because my friends, The Angels of Light, were back in San Francisco at that point talking of a big new show. Well, that was a mistake - I never should have gone back to San Francisco because I got stuck there for years. I should have stayed in Germany where it was safe.

**PR:** So you had most of your treatments in Germany?

B: Well, it started there. The treatments keep going no matter what country you're in for the rest of your life. You take one pill a day - and one shot a month if you want to.

**PR:** And does the treatment involve surgery at any time?

**B:** It can. I had my breasts done in 1981. The more surgery you get, the better. I could still use more - like my cheeks and my nose - that would make everything easier. You see, I'm at the nerve-racking point of being not yet perfect. It's not easy to be just an average transsexual. You've got to be the perfect transsexual, and then everything's fine.

**CT:** Once you've begun the treatment you must go through stages where you start to feel different.

B: Yeah, sure, you learn an awful lot about the game

about the game.  
CT: But at what point did you feel significantly changed?  
D. Wall 1975

B: Well, 1975 was the chemical change.  
It was pretty strong.

**CT:** How does it affect you, though?

**B:** It makes you feel more confident with the role you're playing. It makes you more confident with the clothes you're wearing. It makes you feel more natural. Your eyes change - the look in your eyes changes right away. Then the shape of your legs changes...I think it takes a certain type to go through with it.

I told the girls in Berlin when I left, I said, "Look, guys, give me five years. I know you may be laughing at me now but I'll be back." They all had their surgery done and they'd got their mink coats and their Mercedes Benz and their nice apartments: they run that town. I'll tell



Amanda Lear

*Photograph: courtesy of Ariola*

you. I told them, "Give me five years, I'll do it."

What I came up with when I got back to the States was a seven-year job as a stripper in the same club. Oh God! The same jukebox, the same bar, the same girls. It was a funny place, we used to get a lot of bikers and businessmen and I'd have to talk to them all. I was a hostess. It was hard but you'd just keep going and do it. I hate welfare departments and I hate hanging around them. I prefer work. That was the best I could come up with. I'm not real proud of it but it gave me a base, a job every night and a base from which to work on my act, which is what I wanted to do - a solo act.

I studied singing for three years, which helped me to develop my vocal range. I have two voices: the voice I'm using now, the Dietrich voice, and the higher voice which I'm not really featuring on this tour because it gets a little confusing using a lot of different voices.

**CT:** You said you feel more at home in Berlin than anywhere else.

B: Yes, I call Berlin "the breeding ground". That's where you're safe, it's acceptable there

**PR:** Do you still have male sexual organs?

B: Oh yeah, you didn't know?! (laughs)  
You see, that's the funny question.  
There's only two ways you can answer  
that: yes or no. If you say no, that gives  
you a ten, and if you say, "yes, I do", that  
gives you a five. But it's all right. If you're  
a five you've got to admit you're a five. If  
you're a ten, you're a ten

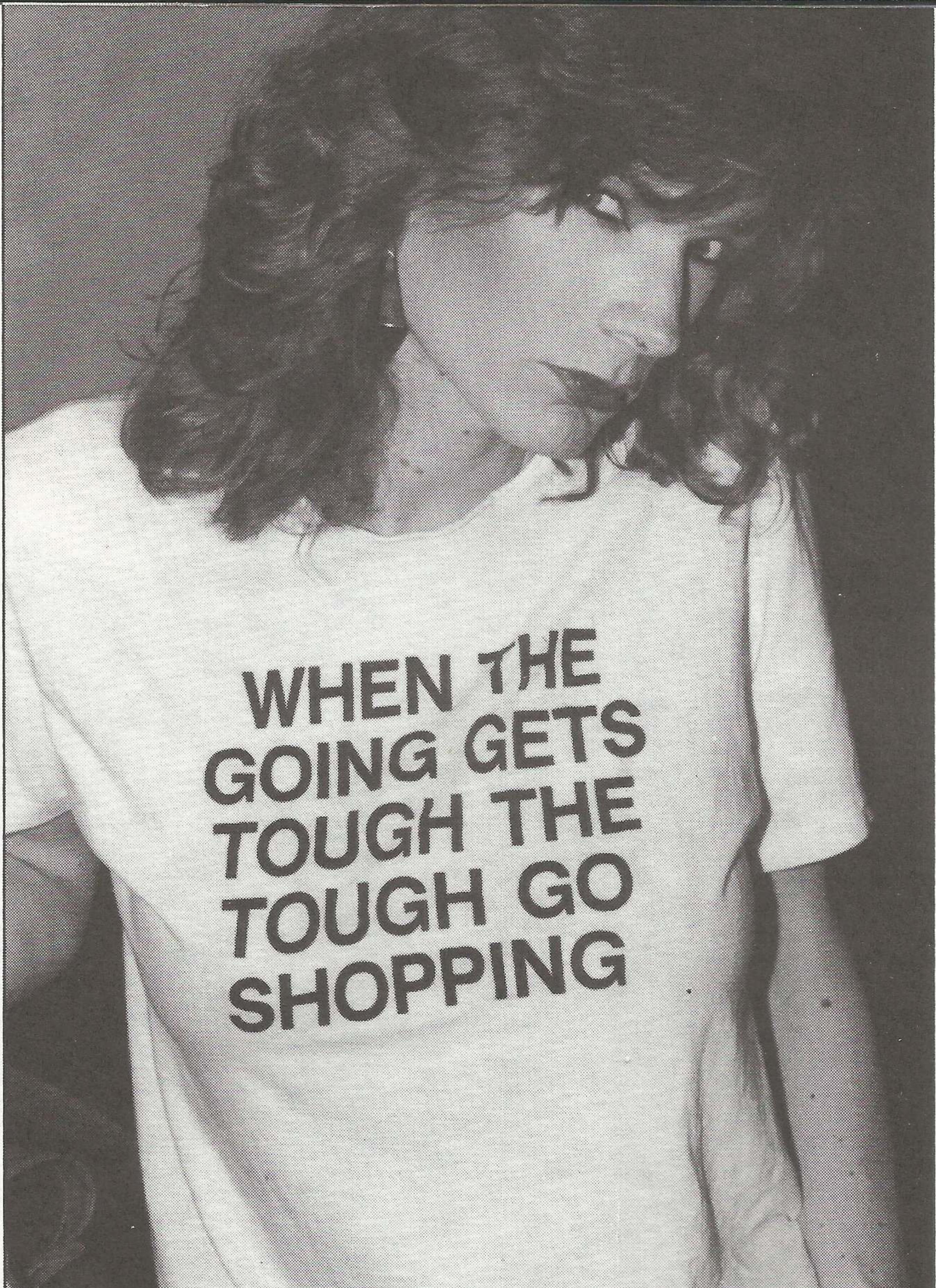
That's the big question. It's the question you get asked five minutes after you walk into a bar. "May I ask you a personal question?" is usually how it starts. It's all right, you know, I'm a five. Give me a couple more years. The operation runs at about eight thousand dollars a month and it's still losing.

**PR:** I don't know anything about the operation. Is it always entirely successful? It doesn't give you proper female organs, does it?

**B:** No, but it works. I think I'm a little more concerned with the theatrical side of my career right now than the physical operation. I'm more concerned with the jobs that I can get and the show that I can come up with, because I think if it's really successful the operation isn't all that important. It would be real nice, but then again that's not the biggest problem right now.

**CT:** At what point did you formulate your own act?

The image consists of a vertical column of ten identical, hollowed-out, white-outlined shapes. These shapes are roughly rectangular with irregular, jagged edges, giving them a stylized, almost abstract appearance. They are arranged one on top of the other, filling the entire vertical space of the frame.



## WHEN THE GOING GETS TOUGH THE TOUGH GO SHOPPING

Bambi

B: About six months before The Stranglers came back to San Francisco. I went through this dark period where I was trying to mount it and things were going badly. I'd been looking for pianists and getting ripped off. I'd give a guy money to work with me and he wouldn't show up on the night. All sorts of things like that were happening to me. All through the '77 to '83 period I'd been doing little Vaudeville acts in front of punk rock audiences because it was the only place I could do it. As a transsexual I didn't fit in with the gay bar scene. I'd grab a pianist and I'd jump up in front of Black Flag or Madness or whoever was in town.

Finally I did start hanging around gay bars and piano bars on my days off. I'd stand around and buy drinks for myself - because no-one buys you drinks in a gay bar if you're a girl - and sing. That was about a six-month period when I'd just sing in piano bars until I was doing so well that people were actually coming up to me and saying, "You're pretty good." These pianists haven't got time for many people. They're a busy, bitchy little group. They're cocktail pianists. They're in demand. But finally I got one to agree to do a show with me.

I did the show at the Roxy Roadhouse - the same club that The Stranglers came to earlier this year - and I got forty people there on the opening night. Afterwards I

thought, "Well okay, now I've done it." I had to keep it rolling although there was no money for publicity or costumes or a choreographer, but all there was was this incredible will to be Bambi and not have to answer to anybody.

PR: To what extent do you think your desire to be a transsexual was influenced by art - in other words by transsexual artists? B: Right, well there's a form you have to fill in when you go for your surgery. They make you fill out a forty-page form to see if you're ready. If you so much as mention drag or sequins or eyelashes and stuff they'll throw you out on your ear. They don't want to hear it. They want to hear that you are serious and that you just want to be a woman and that you want to study to be a nurse...you know what I mean? If you start talking about nightclubs they'll go, "Oh, you're a transvestite." A transsexual is someone who doesn't want to be around all that. A transvestite is someone who just wants to get all dressed up. With me it's not so much that I want to move to the suburbs and be a woman, it's much more that I like being the monster that I am. There's a lot of irreverence about me, I don't really care what anybody thinks. But okay, to get back to your question...

I was very impressed by certain transsexual entertainers at an early age but really I was influenced much more by some of the transsexuals I met in San

Photograph: Richard Bellia



Francisco. They were the ones who gave me the courage to go through with it. They were all trying to raise the level of transsexuality and give it a little bit of respect. You see, this is another thing I find hard to discuss. There's so much about transsexuality that relates to prostitution and street life. This is one of the biggest obstacles you have to deal with - people's impressions of you. You just have to distinguish yourself and not be a part of that.

CT: You obviously have a strong admiration for Marlene Dietrich. What is it about her that appeals to you?

B: I was just thinking about Dietrich today. Look at the character she always played in her movies. She always played the same sort of character who was kind of like a vagabond and a drifter, this Dark Lady character that she had. She always played the nightclub singer that was in some dumpy nightclub but all of a sudden towards the end of the picture she makes

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**"I think I probably do the best Dietrich on earth and I always have."**

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it to Paris. It always happened! She just had this incredible character, the European Woman. She would always start at the bottom and end up in some great big palace in Morocco saying, "I don't want to be here, I want to be with him". Every movie would be a slight variation of this wonderful character.



Photograph: Hugh Cornwell



Her scripts were so wonderful. God, whatever happened to these great scripts? A lot of her characters were based on dime novels of the period. *Blue Angel* is based on a famous novel. Well, Dietrich and Garbo were based on literary characters. The real mystique comes out of Tolstoy for Garbo. They were both the creation of these great male writers of the period.

**CT:** Are you impersonating Dietrich in your act?

**B:** I am Dietrich! Well, it's impersonation but the mix-up comes when you start living the part as I have done for the last eight years... It's not so much an impersonation any more but a role. I'm doing the movie version of *Blue Angel* right now.

**CT:** Your shows in France, from what I've seen so far, have been very short. Why do you keep them so short?

**B:** Mainly because I made a backing tape that wasn't suitable. I wanted to try some other things - I wanted to try some Mae West and Judy Garland. Unfortunately the Mae West and Judy Garland bits aren't working. The only tape I have has got very little Dietrich on it. I need a new tape really. Plus I find with what I'm doing with just the piano playing away in the background, it's really hard for me to keep people's attention for longer than 15 minutes. After that they get rowdy, they want to hear rock and roll. Like I say, this act is a kind of work in progress thing. It's tragic that it's not really ready because it's the perfect opportunity. But that's the story of my life!

**PR:** Do you feel that these audiences recognise the character you're impersonating?



Marlene Dietrich Photograph: courtesy of National Film Archive/Stills Library

**B:** Instantly, because nothing else is there except that impersonation. I think I probably do the best Dietrich on earth and I always have. I do a great Dietrich.

**CT:** Do you work with a lot of rock and roll bands?

**B:** I have been. I was in one for a while - I was the lead singer of an all-girl punk band in San Francisco. They were called Versus. We played with The Dead Kennedys and bands like that. But I still wasn't ready to be a rock and roll girl. I couldn't play that part. I had to be the

**CT:** What are your ambitions for the act?

**B:** To get signed as a vocalist, goddamn it!

**CT:** But you can't go on supporting rock and roll bands, surely. It seems rather inappropriate.

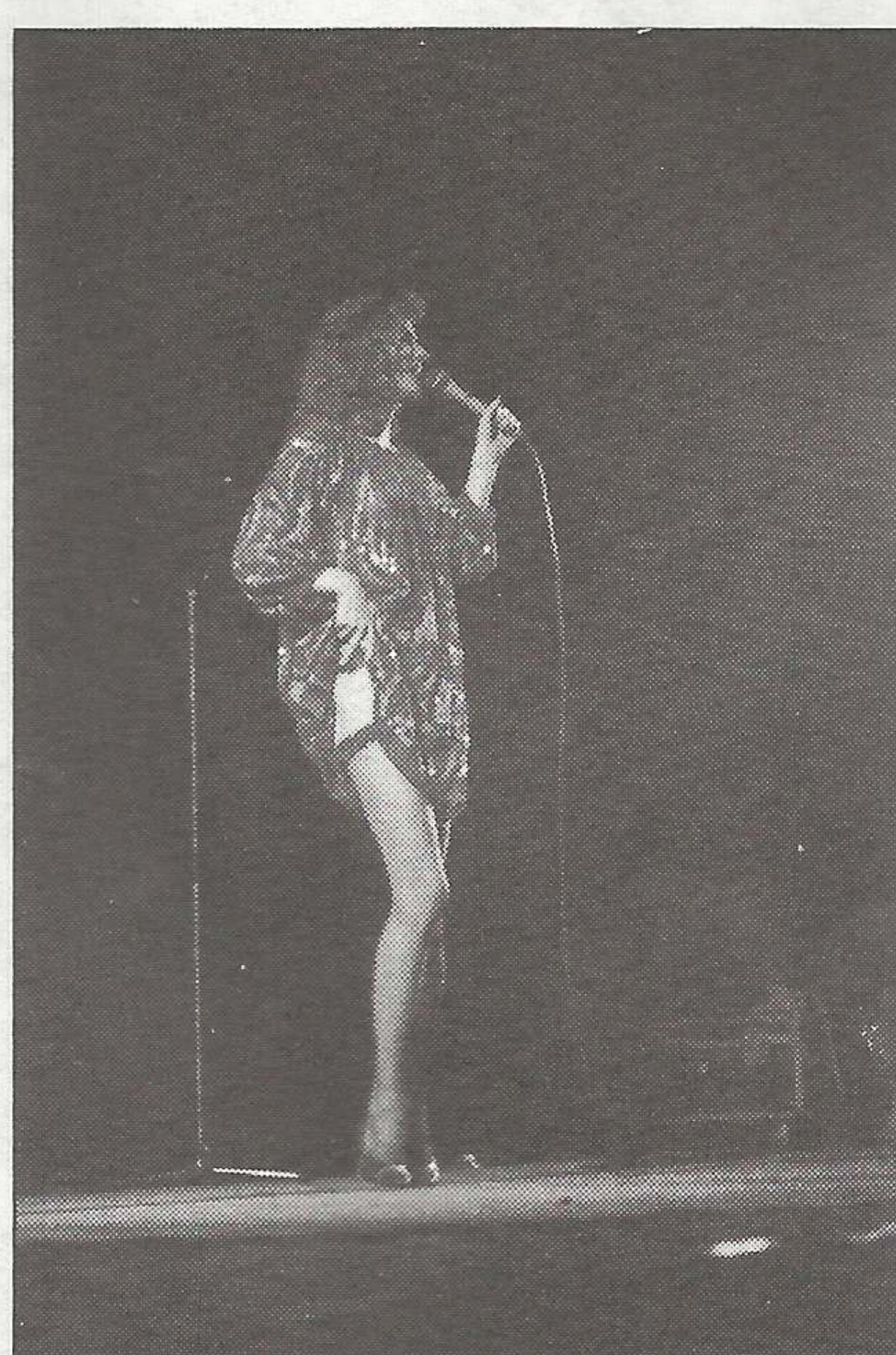
**B:** Well, wouldn't it be great if it worked? I think it does work. I can't see Liza Minelli opening up for The Stranglers and getting away with it, can you?

**CT:** It seems ironic that you're working with a band who the media would have us believe are renowned sexists. How have you found that affects you?

**B:** I'm sort of a sexual monster in myself. I mean I'm not really a total example of the right way to live either. We're both renegades in our own terms. We're both outlaw types and we both don't worry about the status quo much. I think that's the attraction. Maybe that's the compliment.

**CT:** Do you feel right working with them?

**B:** In a way it's working beautifully. I think if my end of the show was a little more produced somehow it would work. I like the fact that I'm not just in some chic drag club in Europe, but I'm with The Stranglers. That really sets me apart in a nice way. I'm real proud of it. I think if I can get the slightest reaction from their audience then I'm really doing something. I feel less like a drag artist and more like a woman that way.



## "I can't see Liza Minelli opening up for The Stranglers and getting away with it, can you?"

spoiled European model, that's the only part I could play. I can't play a diehard rocker girl, I'm terrible at it. Maybe someday, but at the moment it doesn't work, the more I try to be that character, the more I can't do it. I know now what I did wrong. I should have gone with that band the whole way and maybe by now they would have done something. When it comes down to it I'm Bambi. I have to be doing what I'm doing. Somebody's got to do it, I figure. No-one else is, right now.





# FRONT ROW FESTIVAL

## PART THREE

### THE SUCCESSES

What do all these performers have in common? - The Beatles, The Rolling Stones, Robert Plant, Tom Robinson, The Who, Diana Ross, XTC, Shakin' Stevens, Spandau Ballet, Dire Straits, The Police, Siouxsie And The Banshees and The Stranglers.

Apart from them all having a penny or two in the bank, all these artistes have outgrown their roots and changed direction at some point during their careers. Take Spandau Ballet for example - initially a band of the New Romantic era, these days after umpteen hit records "The Spands" look more at home eating cucumber sandwiches at the Ritz than they would visiting the murky depths of the Blitz Club. Even The Stranglers themselves - a band of punks or crooners? After the success of *Golden Brown* it's anyone's guess, although in all seriousness The Men In Black could hardly continue to sing about rats in sewers when they've all seen the better side of thirty.

So what do all these performers have in common? - Paper Lace, Chicory Tip, X Ray Spex, Mary Wells, Meal Ticket, Camberwick Green, The Pleasers...the list is endless.

Flashes in the pan, that's what, one hit wonders, although these 'stars' once sparkled as brightly as their more famous contemporaries. So what's the intangible ingredient that makes some more successful than others? Talent has something to do with it, but not as much as you'd suppose. To my mind the most significant components are luck and an ability to move with the times.

Now you don't have to be International Mastermind to have noticed that several of the acts to crop up amongst both ranks appeared at the Front Row Festival in 1977. Today it's basically a

Tom Robinson

question of the haves and the have-nots, the successes and the failures. Back in '77 all the bands appearing, if not already acts of some note, were seemingly destined for stardom - and not of the ephemeral variety. Snatching a look at the FRF programme, sadly less than a third of the bands appearing have gone on to bigger and better things. Many such as Wilko, The Pirates, John Otway and Deke Leonard have contented themselves with continuing to play pub and club dates of similar stature to the Hope & Anchor. They haven't made a lot of money or become household names, but neither have they sunk into total obscurity. Others such as X Ray Spex - "they have the potential to be absolutely huge", The Saints, Meal Ticket and The Only Ones seem to have disappeared altogether from the music industry. These I will investigate further next time. For now I am only concerned with the successes - the ones who did fulfil the promise of the Hope & Anchor Front Row Festival and who did not die with the demise of Punk Rock.

**"In the early days we had to lie our heads off to get gigs."**

Let us begin with Steel Pulse - in 1977 hailed as a "force to be reckoned with...part of a new and very relevant black consciousness sweeping Britain." Since those rapturous days, I wouldn't exactly say that Steel Pulse had fulfilled their promise - not in this country anyway. If you are of the opinion that to be really lucrative in the music business, success in the States is imperative, then Steel Pulse would seem to have achieved this.

Following their success at the FRF, in 1978 Steel Pulse went on to release the *Klu Klux Klan* single and then the superb debut album *Handsworth Revolution*. Over the next couple of years, The Pulses toured extensively in Europe with Bob Marley, Burning Spear and The Police, backing up these appearances by releasing the *Tribute To The Martyrs* and *Reggae Fever* albums.

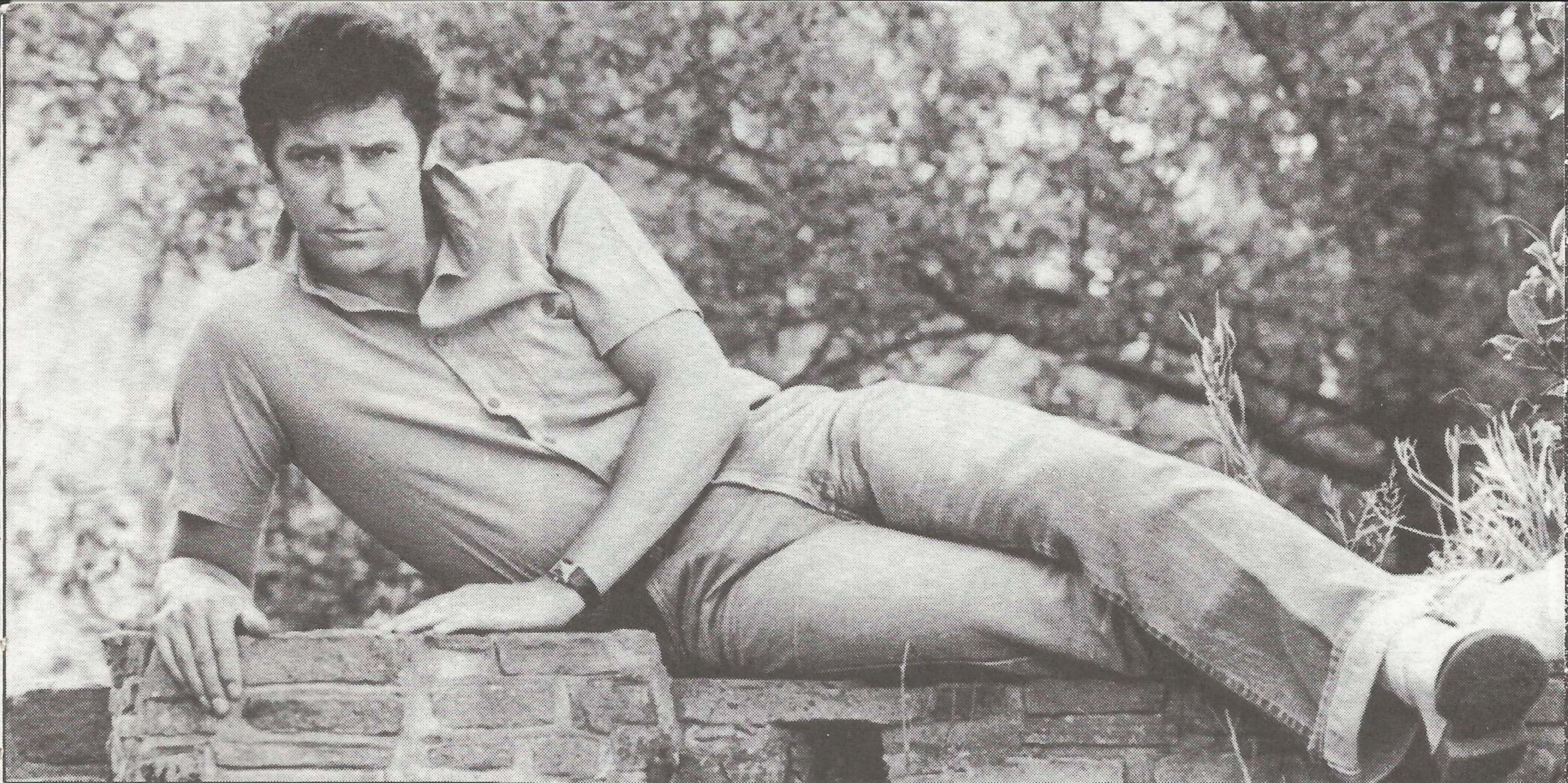
In 1981 Steel Pulse visited the States for the first time and, as they were in that part of the world, they also played the Reggae Sunsplash Festival in Jamaica where it would seem they were the stars of the show. Throughout 1982 Steel Pulse continued to tour extensively in America, consolidating their success with the release of the *True Democracy* album.

The strong links forged between The Stranglers and Steel Pulse at the FRF would seem to be as robust as ever. During the former's British dates earlier this year, Pulse's drummer Steve Nisbett appeared on stage with The Stranglers on numerous occasions. More recently both Steel Pulse and The Stranglers played Friday night at the Reading Festival. Sadly though, in true Reading headbanging tradition, Steel Pulse were treated to a barrage of beer cans and were forced to leave the stage after only half an hour - yet another indication of the ignorance and narrowmindedness of the British Heavy Metal fanatic. But no doubt with the advent of yet another US tour plus the release of a new album Steel Pulse will have the last laugh.

On November 24 1977 Shakin' Stevens And The Sunsets took the stage at the Hope & Anchor - "he isn't reviving Rock 'n' Roll, he is Rock 'n' Roll." I can't be the only one who feels that Shakey, although amply fulfilling his promise in the lucrative sense, has somewhat lost his

Photograph: courtesy of Judy Totton Publicity





Shakin' Stevens

identity as a result. True, he may sell out Hammersmith Odeon for two nights and no doubt he'll be appearing in panto at some salubrious suburban theatre this Christmas and will probably make a lot of money. But I prefer the old "never shakin'" Shakin' Stevens to the slick, neatly pressed denim Shakey who stutters out *J-J-J-Julie* or *Green Door* to an assortment of teeny boppers and young mothers!

Dire Straits are multi-billionaires. They live in LA and play before royalty. Enough said.

But Tom Robinson's a different kettle of fish altogether. What's happened to the former mascot of Gay Society?

In 1977 Tom Robinson was "flavour of the month", the darling of the homosexual community, the champion of Rock Against Racism and many other worthy causes. Following the huge success of *Motorway*, Tom seemed to fade into obscurity, but in fact he didn't, he went to East Germany instead. It seems that sampling a non-capitalist life style behind the Iron Curtain is not as crimson as the media would have us believe.

"People over there are exactly the same as people here. They haven't got two heads or anything like that," says Tom. "It's amazing, though, how the East Germans view people in the West, they're absolutely terrified of them. I suppose many people in the West feel the same about the East Germans and others behind the Iron Curtain, basically because they're an unknown entity."

Tom spent a good few years behind the Iron Curtain and then in the spring of this year smashed back into the British charts with *War Baby* - a song written about a German friend called up for National Service. Tom's nonconformist reputation was well remembered by the large record companies so none of the big boys stepped forward to sign him. This resulted in the single being released on Robinson's own Panic label.

So what about the political activist bit? Is Tom Robinson still a martyr to the cause?

"I'm a socialist, I've always been a socialist and I always will be. But I really hope the second round of my career won't echo the first. I mean, my success story in

the seventies must read like a rags to riches fairy story - one minute I was signing on the dole and the next I was playing to a packed Hammersmith Odeon. I've been through the fame thing and I don't want to experience it again, it wears you down. I believe in the causes I supported, but the press always picked up on me and what I was doing rather than discussing the issues at stake. I think it acted in a negative way rather than a positive one."

So don't expect to see Tom Robinson draped over a Bucks Fizz at the Embassy Club, he's more likely to be discussing party policies at the local Labour Club!

Not so The Helium Kids - or XTC as they're better known. When I was a young impressionable teenager I was of the opinion that musicians hung around trendy nightspots with the obligatory blonde and wallets of used bank notes. It just goes to show how wrong you can be...especially in the case of XTC. For it is rumoured that when former XTC drummer Terry Chambers returned to his native Swindon following a world tour,

### **"It was a coincidence that The Stranglers broke when punk did."**

his eyes glazed over with emotion at the impressive Swindon skyline and he was heard to murmur, "That's the best sight in the world."! (Funny that he should be accompanied by a labrador and a white stick!)

But enough of this irrelevant gossip, XTC have revamped their line-up since the days of the FRF. Keyboard player Barry Andrews departed as long ago as 1979 and now plays for Shriekback, and the aforementioned Terry Chambers decided to move to Australia and marry a Sheila - word is that he carries around a hologram of panoramic Swindon everywhere he goes! Terry's been replaced by a character called Linn who's a bit lacking when it comes to conversation!

The remaining three - David Gregory, Colin Moulding and Andy Partridge - are quite determined that the days of

Photograph: Allan Ballard

nonstop touring are over. No more globetrotting for this trio, but instead a more relaxed work environment with the emphasis shifted on to studio work. A wrong move in my opinion, I mean, how can a band expect to sell albums if they're not prepared to promote the product? But I'll leave it to Andy Partridge to explain:

"It got to the point where I was getting very paranoid about people - firstly about the audience, then about other people - I couldn't go out without wanting to pass out. It got to the stage that I couldn't go to the local because there were people there. I'd hate to start the process off again so I'd rather work in the studio."

It would seem that XTC have always disliked touring and look back on those days with horror. "They were just a run on our nerves, one big adrenalin rush. There was no subtlety in our performances at all," says David Gregory.

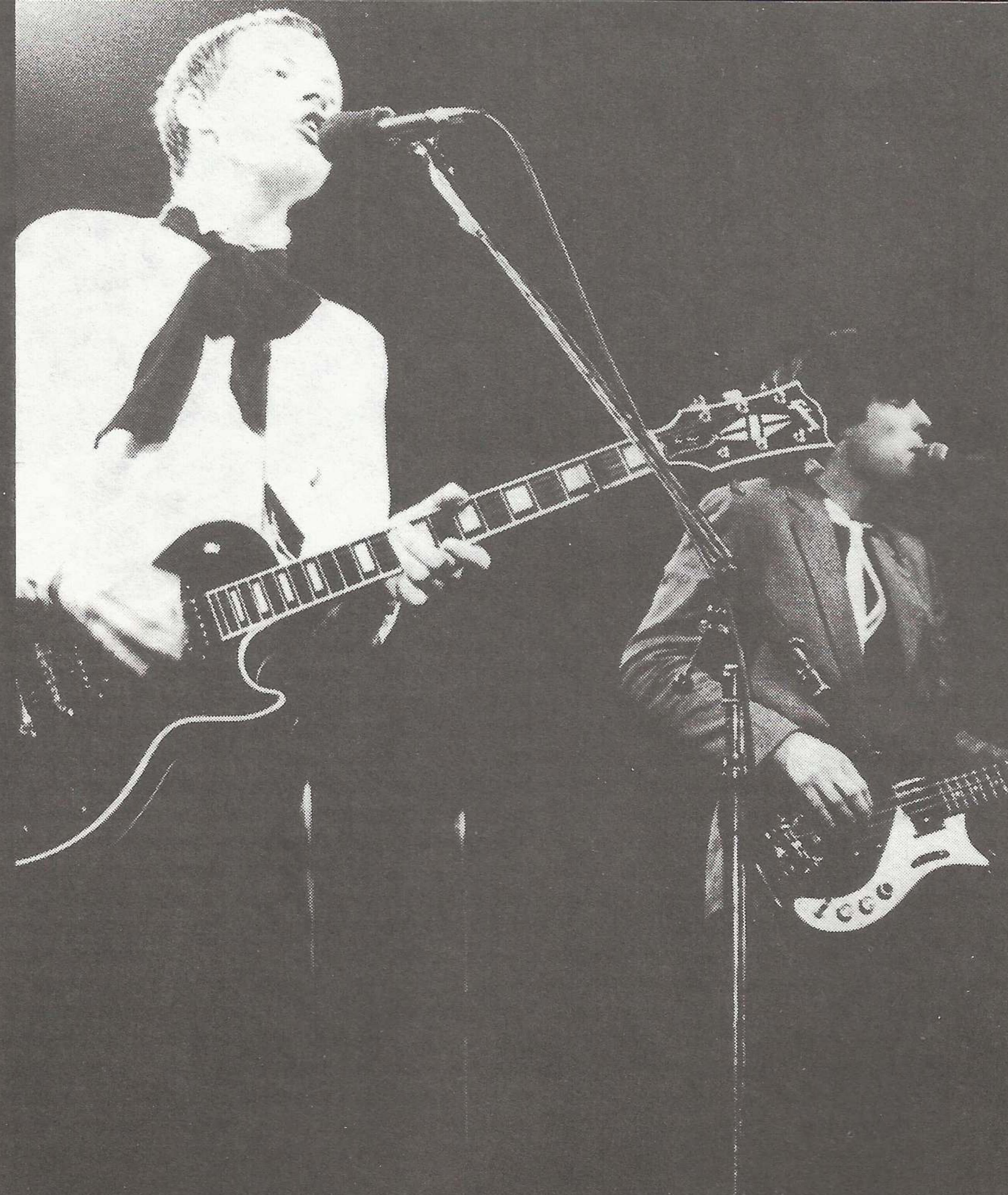
Well, perhaps the decision to stop touring was a wrong one as the band's latest album *Mummer*, which saw off three producers, hasn't exactly set the world on fire. The days of *Plans For Nigel*, *Towers Of London* and indeed the FRF seem a million years ago. So my advice to Andy Partridge is to get back on the road - he may find some inspiration that way.

So finally we come to The Stranglers - The Men In Black, The Godfathers Of Punk, The Lepers Of Rock and the stars of the Front Row Festival.

Contrary to the views of many punters The Stranglers did not emerge at the same time as the punk phenomenon - indeed they were around at least two years before this and three years before the FRF.\*

"We've been playing all over the country since 1974, in the early days we had to lie our heads off to get gigs, ringing up agents and telling them that we were a sort of Country and Western group, that kind of thing. We played anywhere and everywhere, army camps,

\* We regard 11 September 1974 as the "beginning" of The Stranglers, being the day the name was registered with the Registrar of Business Names - *Jet Black*.



Photograph: Justin Thomas, courtesy of Virgin Records

working men's clubs, you name it, from Bude in Cornwall to Hawick in Scotland." (Hugh Cornwell)

"It was a coincidence that The Stranglers broke when punk did, which inevitably led to the conclusion that the advent of punk went hand in hand with The Stranglers - something which Hugh Cornwell disputes.

"We were surviving as a band for two and a half years before punk - it helped but it didn't 'make us', we were already doing great and our following really was huge, there were literally 100,000 kids waiting for our first album *Rattus*, because they'd seen us live a couple of times. I think I'm correct in saying that *Rattus* was the first of all the so-called punk albums and as such it was relatively unrelated to punk because we were at No 4 before any of the others had graduated from being 'garage bands'. There's no way all the new wave people could have picked up on us that quickly, it's just ridiculous to suggest that 100,000 kids went out and bought an album by a group they'd never heard of. Those people were our fans already, that's why the album went straight into the top five."

Since the days of *Rattus*, *No More Heroes*, *Black And White* and *The Raven*, The Men In Black would seem to have changed direction. The controversial but commercially successful single *Golden Brown* was played regularly on Radio 2, earning The Stranglers the title of the Crooners of the Punk World. What would Hugh Cornwell attribute this shift of direction to?

"I don't know, I'd love someone to

## Letters

### PERSIL WASHES PAWSHER

Dear *strangled*

In *strangled* 15 Richard Walker points out in his letter that he has some "crap" on the B-side of his Paradise record. All that I can advise him to do is to put on a plastic glove or something and carefully remove the crap from his record without dirtying his hands and then wash the record with a detergent. After it has dried then he can listen to the wonders of Pawshe and Permission. After he has been astounded by the air and feeling that Pawshe creates and the meaningfulness of Permission, then I suggest that he approaches the shop from which he bought the record and complains about the condition of his record. After insulting the record shop for three hours, I then suggest that he goes on a holiday so that perhaps, with a miracle, he can write something which he is "capable of".

Yours

Krishan Singh  
Cambridge

### LA FOLIE

Dear *strangled*

I thought I must write and tell you that Stephen Beaumont has his finger on the proverbial pulse. His illustration in *strangled* 15 of the pseudo Stranglers fan is excellent. "Of course, I was there from the start" - I hate that line. Nine times out of ten these people who say that weren't "there from the start" at all. I'm brave enough to say that I didn't get into The Stranglers until the release of the



A reprint of the original Front Row Festival Programme is available as a poster from SIS. We still have some copies left of the limited edition of 1,000.

Alison James

## NO MORE HEROES

**Dear strangled**

I've been looking through an old music mag where Hugh and JJ were explaining the tracks from Heroes. I would like to comment on what is said about the track Heroes.

Hugh says, "You should be your own hero. If you become a hero, people don't see you for what you are, they look at you in a different light. You cease to become human to them, and that's wrong."

I couldn't agree more with the statement. But now many people (fans) have adopted The Stranglers as their heroes. They look at you in a different light and to many you are better than human, you are gods. You walk on the stage and most fans think, "Christ, I wish I was JJ or one of the band." You are worshipped. When JJ wore red braces a lot of fans ran out and bought red braces, when JJ wore black combat trousers a lot of people bought them - the band, to a great many people, are better than themselves, which is ridiculous to say the least.

About 80% of fans wear black: how many, though, wear it because they are firm believers in the Meninblack? Quite a lot wear it just because the band do. If everyone is so interested in black, how come "Blackness" got very few replies from the strangled feature? If the band did a gig and all wore white, nearly all the fans would start to wear white.

To most fans the band are the best musicians/sculptors ever. JJ is definitely an excellent bass player, but so is Mick Karn, Hugh is a good guitarist but so is John McGeoch, Jet's a good drummer, especially on the snare, but so is Peter Phipps, and Dave is an excellent keyboardist, but so is J M Jarre. Who is to decide who is best?

Anyway, this letter won't change anything, but to all of you whom this concerns, listen to a B-52s track called Hero Worship.

Have a black day

Touche  
Leeds

## YOUR WISH...

**Dear strangled**

In strangled 15 you asked what us readers would like to see in strangled. I'd like to see my name printed all over one page.

Jon Preston  
Sale

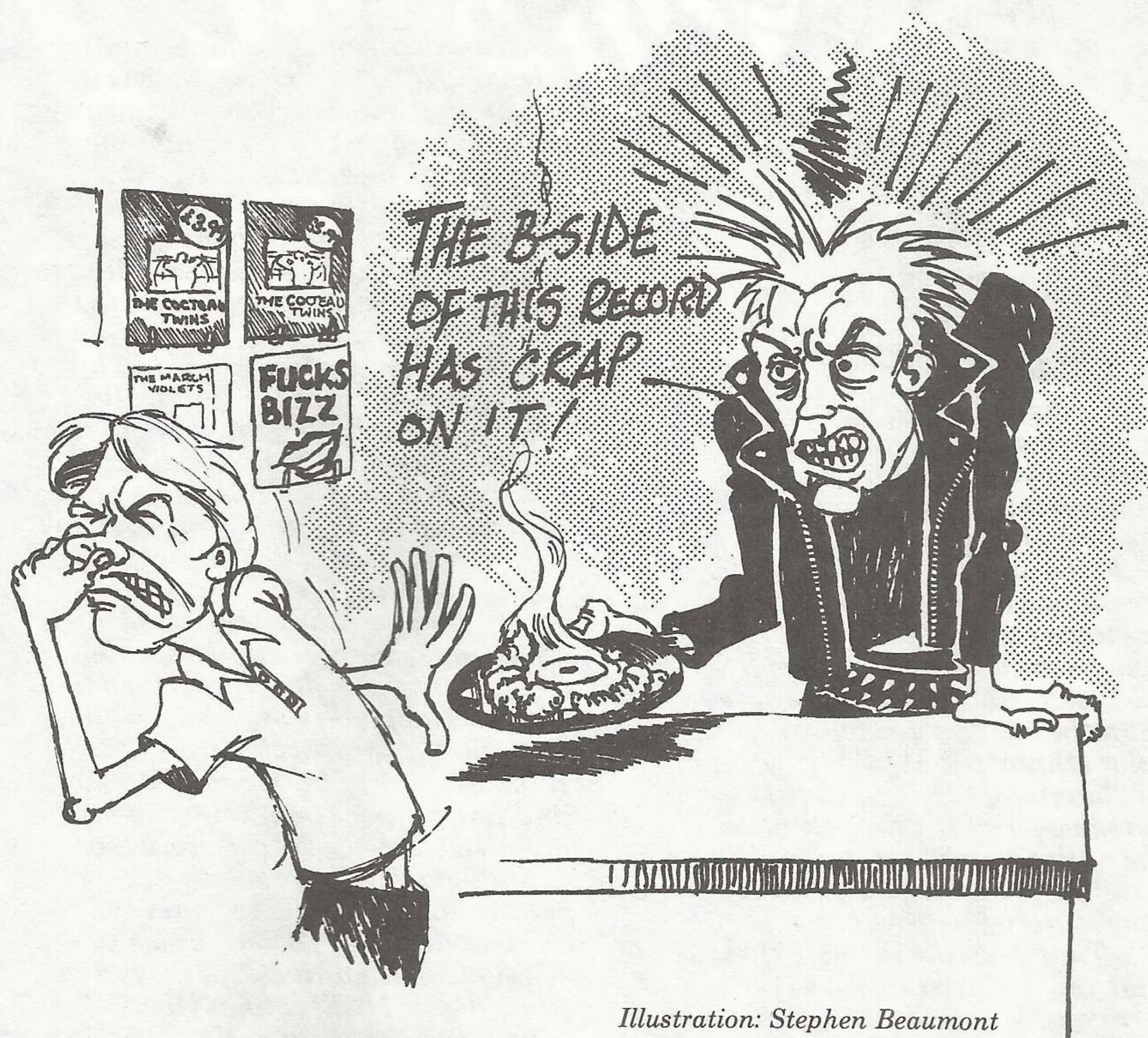


Illustration: Stephen Beaumont

single No More Heroes. I'm also brave enough to say I like Feline. But, wait for it, I can even go so far as to admit that I actually like European Female. Crikey, does this person really consider himself to be a Stranglers fan? I'm afraid, fans who were "there from the start", yes, I do! Unfortunately, I don't want every song by the lads to be in the style of Heroes, 5 Minutes etc. I like progression and variation. If every song sounded like those

SE I WAS THERE FROM THE START.  
LAH BLAH... PEACHES, GRIP, BLAH  
... FELINE IS SHIT... JJ LIKE  
NDY TAYLOR.... BLAH BLAH  
UROPEAN FEMALE.... ABSOLUTELY  
UCK ALL... BLAH BLAH... ZILCH, ZERO.  
BLAH BLAH... STRANGLED BUNCH OF  
ERS... BLAH BLAH... STRANGERS  
IKE DURAN DURAN... BLAH BLAH BLAH...  
GLERS FANS WANKERS  
WEAR RAH RAH  
TS.... BLAH  
....

Illustration: Stephen Beaumont

aforementioned, I would promptly get out the nylon socks and hang myself. Every album has moved forward in direction and style. I like that. I admit I didn't like the direction the band took for the Meninblack period...but I respect them tremendously for being bold enough to put their instruments where their thoughts were. I have no respect for these people who subject themselves totally to one kind of music and refuse to listen to anything else. Most people I know have varied tastes in music. This is healthy, I believe. I would hate to live in a vacuum.

"Find me a new direction."

See ya

Roger Kasper  
St Leonards-On-Sea

PS This letter is a joke. I don't really like Feline. I first saw The Stranglers two years before I was born. I got Peaches in a pic cover and I come from Guildford, of course. I knew Dagenham Dave and led the Finchley Boys. I'm also the bloke who shouts "wanker" on the X Cert version of Dead Ringer.

Oui, c'est la folie.

Glad you liked the Stephen Beaumont illustration, but I'm afraid that he can't take all the credit for it. The original idea for the cartoon was sent in by a reader and was discovered floating around anonymously on my desk. So to the person whose idea it was, thank you, whoever you are!

Maggie

strangled

Illustration: Stephen Beaumont



## PUNK IMAGE LTD

### Dear strangled

The latest single by PIL has once again brought to the forefront the BBC's bloody narrow-mindedness when it comes to punk records.

PIL managed to climb to No 5 in the charts, yet the BBC didn't once (apart from one thirty-second play-out, over which clapping and shouting was heard) have them, or their video, on their bloody Top Of The Pops programme.

I think it's stupid that they can't give equal coverage to all records, including punk. I suppose they think that some Mummy may be offended if she saw John Lydon (or any other punk performer) on her TV screen - the same applies to radio airplay.

Punk music has just as much right to be put across the airwaves as any other music, and I think it's about time something was done about it, don't you?

Yours

Sebinblack (not very original)  
a dedicated Stranglers and PIL fan,  
Wimbledon.

We sent a copy of this letter to Michael Hurll, Producer of Top Of The Pops, asking him for any comments he would like to make. At the time of going to press we have received no reply.

## LETTER FROM AMERICA

### Dear SIS

All right. I know you people are all for freedom of opinion (I am too!), but I must take serious exception to this Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh person, one of whose disciples had a letter printed in issue 15 of *strangled*. It's not really because of his doctrines, one of which I'll get to at the end of my letter, but did you know that this very guru and his merry followers took over the government of a tiny, peaceable town in Oregon and have made the original residents' lives there a living hell? "What!?" I hear you squawk. Read on: In 1981 Bhagwan moved his main site of residence to a 64,000 acre spread outside of Antelope, Oregon, turning the area into a huge commune

for his disciples and buying businesses in the town to earn money. Within a year so many devotees - sannyasins - had moved into the area that they held a clear voting majority and took over the position of Mayor of Antelope as well as 5/6 of the seats on the town council! One council meeting, which was shown in part on US television, amounted to nothing more than the sannyasins telling some off-color ethnic/racial jokes (they saw it as "laughing at prejudice, at ourselves") which elicited outrage on the native onlookers' part and peals of laughter from the new majority at the now minority's discomfort.

That's not the worst of it. Around that year's Christmas season several native residents went to each other's houses to plan town decorations. The sannyasins, who were obviously observing their activities, began to telephone the people involved endlessly, enquiring about what they were up to and what their intentions were. This kept up until the natives stopped their meetings and discontinued plans. Even though Bhagwan and his cronies came to American shores in search of religious and other freedoms, they weren't going to let anyone else share that freedom once they'd gotten the upper hand. Not only have the sannyasins taken over the government, public freedom and commerce sectors, but they have also quadrupled the town of Antelope's water rates and changed some of the area's zoning laws in order to make the commune area the main part of the town or a separate district of the town.

Even this horror is not as terrifying as some of the sannyasins' own practices under Bhagwan. Members wear loose-fitting red tunics and pants and their main devotion of the day is standing on either side of the commune's main road and waving at Bhagwan as he cruises down in one of his 27 Rolls Royces. (A spokeswoman explained that Bhagwan renounces all creature comforts, but the limos "were given to him because we love him and wanted him to have them.") The sannyasins mainly get about on foot. The disciples have various purifying rites to go through on their road to higher

consciousness, one of which entails releasing all of their aggressions by screaming, hollering, beating up any adjacent people going through the same ritual, and thumping and prostrating themselves on the walls and the floors. Broken bones, bruises and internal injuries mean nothing to them, nor hurting someone else in the process, as long as the "inner peace" after this exercise is achieved. (This was also shown, quite graphically, on television.) Another period along the process is devoted to total celibacy - strange, considering Bhagwan has a reputation as "India's free-love guru". Perhaps one has to be "higher up" to enjoy that privilege...

Because of Bhagwan's civic and economic takeover of Antelope, the Oregon state legislature is trying to stop and, hopefully, reverse the abuse. One court has ruled that Rajneeshpuram Inc (the sannyasins' and Bhagwan's commune empire) violated state law by claiming that farmland was city property (the zoning changes), and recently the Oregon Attorney General ruled that a religious community (especially a foreign one, I bet!) cannot legally take over an American one. No action can be taken, however, until Rajneeshpuram has exhausted every possible appeal of each decision, possibly up to a hearing in the supreme court for each - that holds little hope for the beleaguered Antelope natives, because such procedures can take years. In the meantime, the US Immigration and Naturalization Service denied Bhagwan's application for permanent status because they do not feel he qualifies as a true "religious worker". Bhagwan has no comment; he took a vow of silence two years ago. His attorneys are probably appealing that as well, but, even if the guru is finally booted out of the States, that is no guarantee that the sannyasins will dutifully follow him into exile - many may just stay here and carry on his work in his absence permanently.

Oh yes, my final comment is about the Bhagwan quote you printed in the said issue. It is true that the world tends not to make any sense and seems to be on the brink of nuclear holocaust at any given moment. But the obnoxiousness of day-to-day living should not be confused with obnoxiousness of certain people we encounter in our day-to-day lives. I rest my case.

Life! Life!

Life is the only thing worth living for!  
(The Gospel According to Flipper)

Yours

Ann Herrick  
Groton, Connecticut



PS You mean to tell me that Rajneeshpuram has bought out your printing company? Well, as much as I love all you people and care about the band, so long as the people in Antelope are suffering I'll have to let my head go above my soul about what I will say next. My *strangled* subscription runs out with the next issue; after that I will not renew it nor buy any mail order items. If I find any books, LPs or other output by the band being printed and/or designed by Medina Rajneesh Creative Services or any of their subsidiaries I will not buy it and will encourage anyone I know to boycott it. I want to see the band when you come back to the States again, but if I discover that the concert I will attend is promoted by, or in any way linked to, Medina Rajneesh, I will not go to it and will try to stop anyone else I can from attending it.

I know I can't stop you from dealing with whomever you want to, and I doubt if the loss of one amongst the faithful will matter very much to the band, but I just want you to know I wish the band well and hope they have continued success. I only wish circumstances were such that I were still there to share your happiness. Thank you, and you still have my love (if not my dollars). I wish I could stop crying. This is my last letter.

(The information was obtained from the April 11 issue of Newsweek and several lead stories and updated segments from the US CBS TV show 60 Minutes, a weekly news magazine.)

We were most concerned to receive Ann's letter, and wrote to her assuring her that the only connection SIS has with the Rajneesh movement is a purely commercial one. Medina Rajneesh Creative Services have not "bought out" our printing company - we transferred the business to them because we believed they could do a very good job of designing and printing *strangled*, which they indeed have. In our dealings with the sannyasins we have always found them to be extremely pleasant and sensitive people. The Stranglers themselves are not connected in any way with Bhagwan or his followers.

We sent a copy of Ann's letter to Medina Rajneesh, who sent us this reply for publication.

Dear Ann,

Have you ever been to Rajneeshpuram in Oregon? Have you ever visited this "living hell" of yours in Antelope? Have you any first-hand experience on which to base your opinion?

It doesn't sound like it.

Your letter is virtually a rewrite of all the television you have seen, articles you have read and gossip you have heard. For yourself, you know nothing. What you express is borrowed, it is parroting. None of it comes from experience. This is how bigots are born - and bigotry is one of the ugliest things, because it survives through a determined ignorance.

None of your opinion is based in fact, rather it comes from a misplaced trust in the credibility and objectivity of the media. You may think that the media is interested in truth, but they are not. What sells television and newspapers is sensationalism, and the whole art of journalism is the art of stating your opinion in the most persuasive light possible. The news media accepts that there are many opinions and that the public will sort fact from fiction. And if they can't...so what, sales figures are rising and career ambitions are being realised.

Everything you have read and heard is rubbish. And this comes not from unfounded, borrowed opinion, but from first-hand experience.

Love

Medina Rajneesh Creative Services

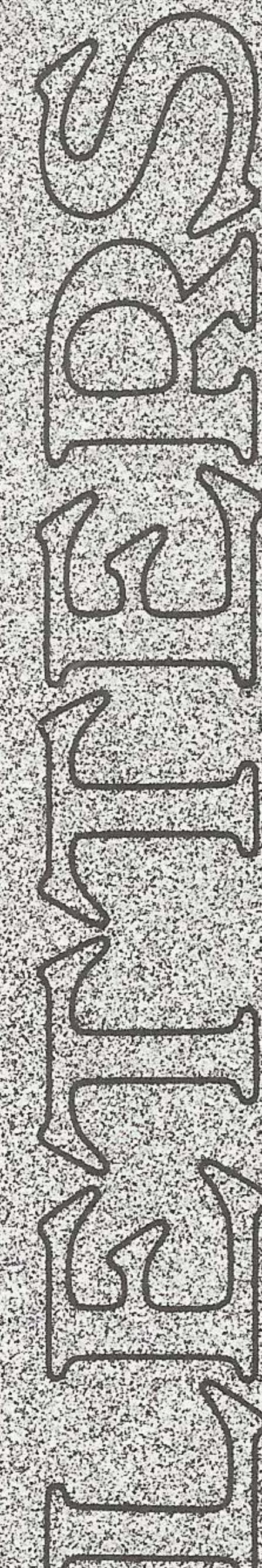


Illustration: Stephen Beaumont



### FOR THE FANS BY THE FANS

Dear Maggie

I've just read my brother's mate's copy of your magazine and I thought you might appreciate the views of someone who isn't even remotely interested in The Stranglers, or even the length of JJ's willy, which seems to be the preoccupation of most of the female fans I have met.

Firstly, I will bore you with the compliments - it was a lot better than any other fanzine I have ever had the misfortune to read. It was interesting, well laid out, very commercial in its own market and probably a wider one if you could reach it without breaking the bank so doing. The artwork was very good too. The new cartoon strip was OK though rather limited. The two things that were a disappointment to me are as follows:

First, it wasn't very funny - I always thought The Stranglers were good at taking the piss - there wasn't much evidence of that from them, you, or the "fans". The only good piss-taking I saw was in an issue earlier this year where there was a strip cartoon taking the piss out of the idiots who buy about twenty copies of each record. There was also a good article at about the same time by someone taking the piss out of Jet Black being a MIB or something - but what since? Yes, the fans can take it out of each other all right (the way your "old" and "new" fans squabble reminds me of the Catholics and Protestants worshipping the same God) - but have they got the guts or even the intelligence to be able to laugh at themselves?

So more taking the piss out of The Stranglers and their fans would help to keep both parties' egos under control instead of just going through mutual ego-boosting like Maggie Thatcher's inner cabinet whilst a few million people are on the dole, a few thousand are dying in the NHS queues and the rest are waiting to be mugged or blown up in the long-awaited nuclear exchange (I'm getting bored of waiting).

I also don't like the way you (or the "fans" anyway) just slag people off without giving them the chance to speak for themselves. For example, the abuse of Wham in one of the letters is pointless because there are few comparisons between Wham and The Stranglers. I know that Wham have crawled up from the dole queue to the top of the charts in a very short space of time and I think they deserve some congratulations for that - however "created" they may be. I also happen to think that lyrics such as "Hey everybody take a look at me, I've got street credibility" are far better than "I saw her in the Strasse, and in the rue as well, pursued her in the High Street, she had me in her spell" - which could easily fit into a less successful Abba song (oh, horror!). Wham are trying to entertain people, make them happy, be commercial, make money and thus (they hope) make themselves happy. They're very good at what they do. They appeal to a wider audience than The Stranglers and sell more records. The same with Bucks Fizz, Abba, Kajagoogoo and all the others. If The Stranglers are trying to do the same then they're not as good at it, are they? If they're not, then why all these comparisons? I ask merely for information!

Second (and a long time coming), one of the major "raving points" of the fans, such as my brother and his mate, is that the magazine is "written by the fans for the fans" (fanfares) - which it isn't really, is it? It's all (nearly) about the band and by the band or one of their standard interviewers. All the "fans" seem to get to write is pointless letters (although a minority are interesting). Is this because of apathetic fans not writing anything, or just a paranoid fear you have of losing your control? I know you used to print a lot more clippings and little poems and pictures and things which made the mag rather more like Private Eye than Punch. Still, I suppose you have good reason for bombarding us with five or six page interviews with people who are interesting, yes, but don't really have much in common with the readership.

Basically, what this letter is saying is that having successfully put together a large(ish) scale fan club (sorry, information service!!) which seemed to reflect what seemed to be The Stranglers' humour, you've now blown it all by creating a very MOR magazine which is just a publicity machine, compromising the fans and itself at every turn. I don't want some great political or philosophical supermag, I was just hoping for something different in the Private Eye as opposed to Punch vein that I mentioned earlier.

The question is, do you/The Stranglers realise that you/they are boring? Have they become boring over the years, or were they always boring, and was the "we're tough, nasty but smarter than you are" image just a front to cover up their boringness and sell records?

I suppose you get a lot of letters from people like me who think they've only got matchsticks in their eye and therefore have the right to pull the logs out of other people's, when the reverse is true - as some bloke once said at great personal expense.

Anyway, I'd better give big brother his 'zine back.

Best wishes

Gil Whiting  
Nottingham

Well! Thanks for your carefully thought out and well expressed letter - it certainly made me sit down and try and work out how I could justify *strangled*'s existence!

Firstly, I'm glad that you found the magazine interesting - to me that was the key point of the letter - as long as *strangled* remains interesting then it's still performing its function. This is really the only thing I can say to explain the fact that *strangled* isn't really written by the fans as it was originally intended to be. (I think the actual claim in *strangled* 3 was that SIS was a service for the people by the people.) We do like to think that readers have the opportunity to contribute, as long as the material remains interesting. I really can't stress that enough. If we printed nothing but accounts of "what The Stranglers played when I saw them at the Glasgow Apollo",

that would surely be the epitome of tedium from everyone's point of view. When I joined the staff of SIS I was told that one of the functions of the magazine was to explore subjects, personalities and aspects of life in general that were interesting to the band, and, through the medium of the mag, to introduce the readers to areas which might otherwise be, and remain, beyond their experience - hence the features on T'ai Chi, the surrealist cinema, cannibalism, whatever the subject may be. The topics dealt with, in your view, are probably not familiar to the readership. You're quite right, but that, surely, is the whole point. If we pandered to the lowest common denominator then there would be little point in carrying on - we could discuss Jet's favourite food and where JJ buys his underwear for issue after issue if you like, but would that really get us anywhere? If fans come up with interesting articles or ideas for features, then all well and good, but what we care about most is the quality of material and not its source.

As for the letters page, I wouldn't agree that the letters are pointless. The whole idea of a letters page is an exchange of views, even if opinions are not changed in the process. The letters we publish (like yours, for example) are the most interesting and thought provoking ones we receive. If any of you find them boring, then all you have to do is to write us some more interesting ones - we're waiting!

Let me assure you that The Stranglers have not lost their black sense of humour! Perhaps you just caught us on a particularly solemn issue, or maybe we at *strangled* do take ourselves too seriously - what does anyone else think?

Now on to comparisons with Wham - I agree that Michael Clayton made an unfortunate choice of band who produce "meaningless lyrics", but, by the same token, you must be wary of writing off a Stranglers song by quoting a couple of lines from it - you have to go much deeper than that, as I'm sure you know.

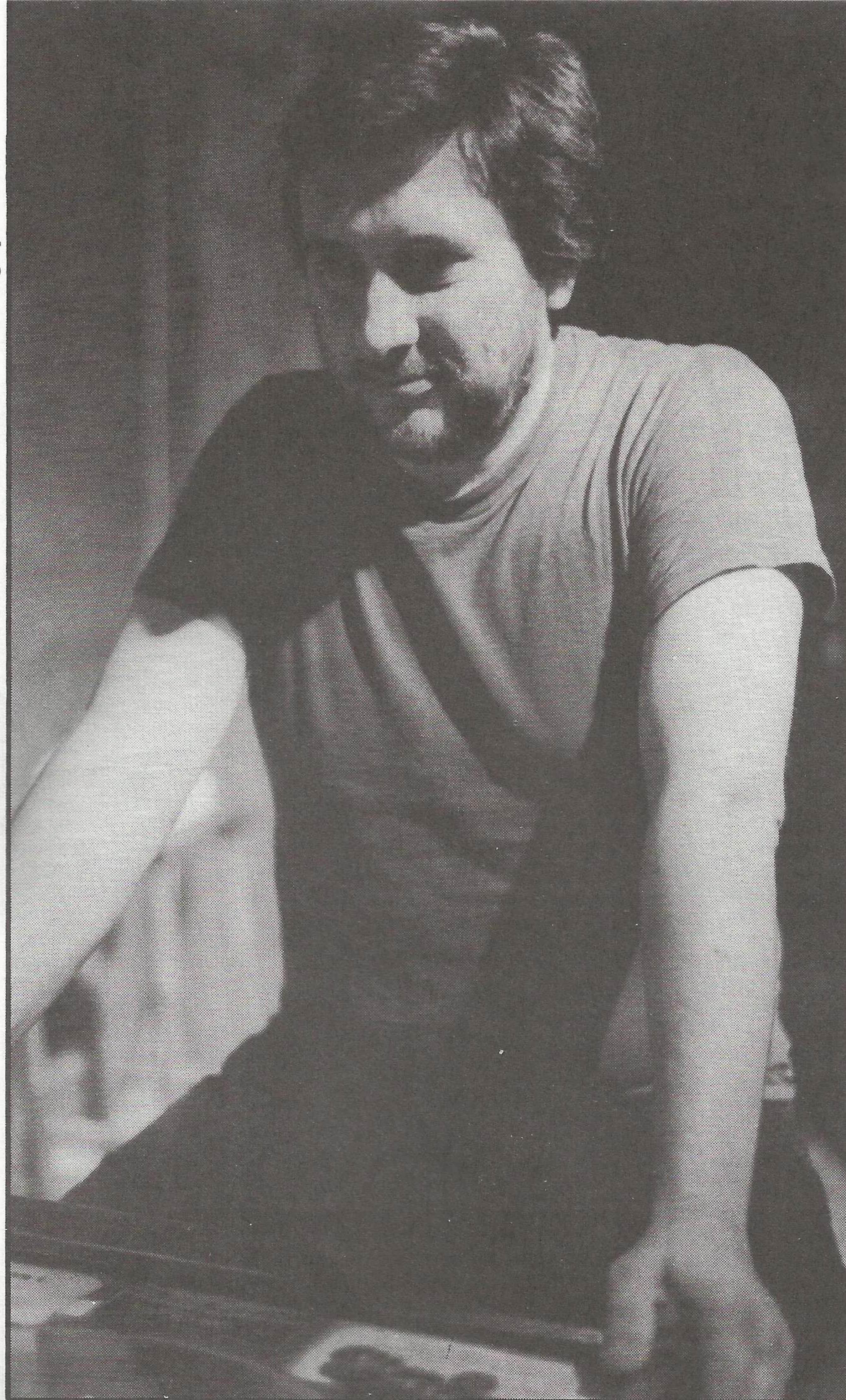
Finally, maybe you're right that the "new improved" *strangled* seems to have lost some of its interesting "snippets" when it had its rough edges removed, but if so, we will try to remedy that. I hope we haven't become too boring, self-indulgent, over-sophisticated or inaccessible in our efforts to become a more polished and professional magazine. Certainly, the letters we've received over the past few months have, with only one or two exceptions, been in praise of *strangled*.

Anyway, Gil, I hope you haven't written us off completely! Give us another read and do let us know if you revise your opinions!

Ta for writing.

All the best

Maggie



# You Don't Myth Her Really

**I**t was somewhere in France during our recent European Crusade of Enlightenment that Hugh pointed out that I had not made any reply to The Blue Sister (*strangled* 14, page 27). I don't wish to inflict boredom upon these pages by endlessly parading my views on love before the reader but on this occasion I do feel that The Blue Sister's well-written letter is deserving of my blessing.

Perhaps also I should expand a little on the subject and see if I can make the issues a little clearer.

The first main point made by The Blue Sister was the one about suicide and I can only deal with that briefly since it is absurdly hypothetical. How could anyone possibly determine that somebody resisted suicide for the benefit of others? It seems abundantly more probable that



the individual simply didn't have the guts to do the deed or, alternatively, the desire for suicide never really existed.

On the second point regarding Romeo's suicide, I agree with much that The Blue Sister says. Of course it is conceivable that a person could feel a oneness with someone to such an extent that it would be impossible to envisage life without them, but my point was simply that Romeo *thought* he would be happier dead than alive and therefore he acted in his own best interests.

Twice in The Blue Sister's letter she tells us what she believes. So long as we believe in something the assimilation of a contrary point of view will be difficult, often impossible. What we don't need in this world is belief. What we do need is experience, since if we experience, we don't need to believe. Why do I make this point? Well, most people believe in love. The predictable reaction of many people is, "Ah, but I've experienced it." Sorry, wrong again. I shall return to this in a moment, but let us see why there is so much belief in the world. The chief proponents of belief are, of course, the great religions of the world. I use the word 'great' with some reluctance, since it is hardly appropriate to describe such a fundamentally evil confraternity as the world's religions in terms of greatness. As it is perhaps conceivable that there are good religions, I will qualify my remarks by pointing out that I refer to the religions of which I have knowledge.

It is the religious teaching on love that has caused the notion to become deeply embedded in the human brain. The slogan "JESUS LOVES YOU" is as ubiquitous as our myth and millions of people believe it. If Jesus is the son of an omnipotent god, does he love you? No. There is no such thing as love and anyway he's been dead now for nearly 2,000 years.

If the faithful stopped believing then the clergy would soon be joining the dole queues since the churches don't offer experience, only promises and an unnatural way of life. Although the insane behaviour of the holy is visible to us all, it remains largely uncriticised, only the bloodthirsty excesses of the likes of the Iranian holy men falling foul of the international media. It's as though lunacy is so acceptable that it is beyond criticism.

It would be hard to devise a lifestyle more absurd than one that flies in the face of the laws of nature, and yet that

seems to be one of the prime objectives in religion. Take the Catholic priest. He spends most of his life wearing a frock and denying himself sex. Contrary to his alleged experience in life he spends much of his time preaching about sex! This is about as silly as going to a blacksmith for a medical check-up. Take the Jews in Jerusalem, they spend half their lives talking to a wall! What about the Moslems who can't drink alcohol because Allah is watching them. Then there are the Mullahs who preach that the finest moment in life is dying for the cause but never practise it! Then there's theology, the church's 'Department For Dreaming Up Justifications For The Insane Fairy Tales Preached By The Clergy'. Did you see the TV hanging debate earlier this year? In support of their case the pro-hanging lobby put a Professor of Theology on the stand and asked him if hanging could be justified in view of the laws of God. Sure enough, he came up with his harebrained justification. A couple of days later the Church Synod voted unanimously against hanging, thereby effectively out-voting God himself on the issue!! No; when we see all this lunacy being accepted and believed is it any wonder that so many people believe in love?

Those who say that they have experienced love or have been in love have probably experienced *something*. Where the problem arises is in what we mean by love. In my original thesis (*strangled* 7, pages 17-19) I said, " 'I LOVE YOU' is clearly regarded as an expression of love, ie the pouring out of this invisible 'stuff' from one person to the loved one". In this sense, to love is to behave with benevolence, to be disposed to do good, to pour out the invisible stuff. Now; the crux of my argument is that we only ever do anything because we judge (sometimes wrongly) that it will be in our best interests to do so. Therefore, this pouring out is not in fact love, it isn't behaving with benevolence or a disposition to do good because we do it for selfish reasons - the opposite of the love notion. (Incidentally, the word 'benevolence' originally had the opposite of its present meaning. Unauthorised legally, the kings around the 15th century would seize a 'benevolence' (cash or kind) from whomsoever they chose.) When he says, "I love you, don't leave me", what he really means is, "I feel much happier and contented when you're here". In this example HE pretends that HE is pouring

out this stuff to her when actually HE is endeavouring to procure her graces for HIMSELF.

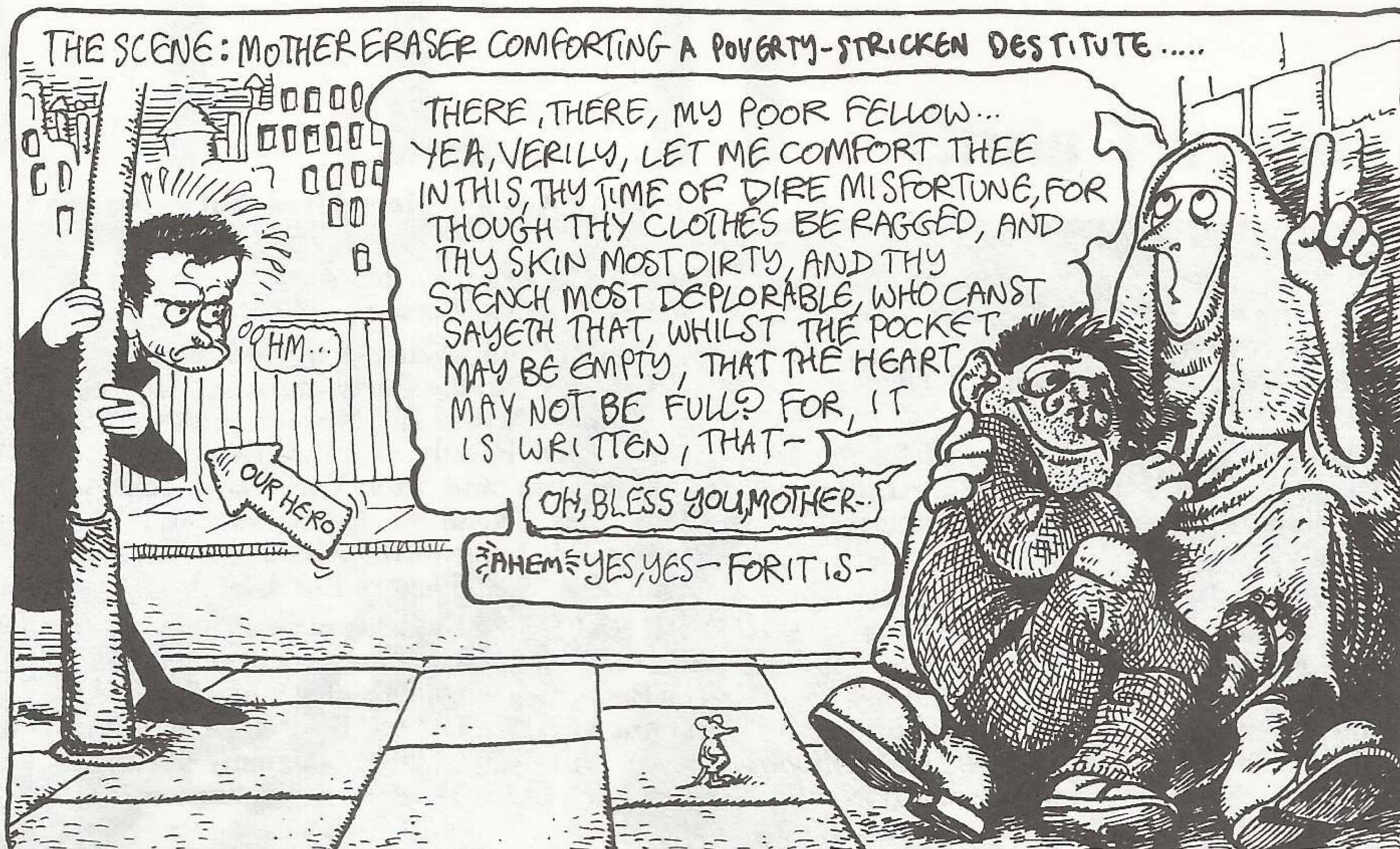
Now let's look at the physical side of the love argument. People talk of that rare 'feeling' they get when they are in love. It's real all right, but it still isn't love. That 'feeling' is a simple psychosomatic condition that could be likened somewhat to a sneeze, although very different. There are some similarities, though. Some people *say* they have definitely fallen in love, whereas you definitely *know* when you sneeze. Some people say they think they are in love or they're not quite sure. Sometimes you think you're going to sneeze, you feel it building up but then it goes away and you don't sneeze so you're not quite sure. Sneezing only occurs under certain pertinent conditions. The so-called 'feeling' of love also only occurs under certain pertinent conditions. In the latter case the necessary conditions are the presence of happiness and fear simultaneously. The coexistence of these two emotions is an extremely rare occurrence, as I will try to demonstrate in the following examples.

Imagine you are feeling great. You are walking down the street on a sunny afternoon greeting the passers-by, dancing and singing, you're happy. Suddenly, someone jumps out in front of you and points a gun in your face. Adrenalin rushes through your body and fear replaces happiness in an instant, they don't coexist. Similarly, you are on a warm sunny beach and decide to go for a swim. After swimming out for five minutes you turn and swim back for five minutes, then you realise you haven't got any nearer to the beach and you swim faster and faster only to be swept even farther out to sea by the current; then it starts to get dark. By this time any earlier feelings of happiness will have dissolved into fear.

In nearly every example you can think of, happiness cannot coexist with fear and vice versa. There are only two exceptions. Firstly, the ideal and compatible (sometimes temporarily) human relationship which permits the attainment of a high degree of happiness which by virtue of its desirability produces a simultaneously protective feeling of fear (sometimes subconsciously) that it may end. Secondly, a religious experience which permits the attainment of a real or oblique happiness (ie a happiness acquired on false information) whose equivocal nature produces a fear of the god being worshipped. It is precisely this experience which leads people to believe that they have been in touch with God. If fear and happiness are God, then they have.

Above all, don't believe me.  
EXPERIENCE IT.

**Jet Black**



JACK IN BLACK

WANTED

**MALE** Stranglers fan (23) wanting to correspond with any other Stranglers fans in the Midwest USA (pref the Ohio Valley). Dave Martin, 3551 Old Mill, Springfield, Ohio, 45502, USA.

**DOES** anyone want to give me Stranglers cuttings 1977-80? If so, write to: Steve Pittaway, "Crofthouse", Tamworth Road, Kerseley, Coventry CV7 8JJ.

**FOR SALE** Bear Cage 12" pic, White Room pic, Clash Black Market 10 pic, SLF Gotta Getaway EP (12" import). Also any Stranglers fans, esp girls, living in the South please get in touch for writing, meeting and going to gigs etc. Write (SAE with offers) to Nik, 34 Millstrood Rd, Whitstable, Kent, or phone (0227) 274917.

**WILL** the blond boy from Hull who I met at Reading on JJ's side whose vodka and coke I drank please contact "Shaz" on Worthing 34232.

**WANTED** any posters, programmes, badges, photos, autographs or interesting stuff. Please write: Johninblack, 8 Wellbrook Close, Speke, Liverpool 24050.

**POOHINBLACK**, love and "beeps" for ever, Angel X.

**WANTED** Womaninblack to write/meet 17-22. Philinblack, 4 Fulford Rd, Trowbridge, Wilts.

**FOR SALE** Nice 'n' Sleazy mispress. B side two unknown tracks - very rare. Pic cover. Any reasonable offer. Write: T Spreadborough, 44 Froxmere Rd, Crowle, Worcs WR7 4AL.

**ANY** 15-16 yr old female Stranglers fans in Glasgow. Write to Paul Hay, 2 Fortingall Ave, Kelvindale, Glasgow, or phone 041 357 2926.

**FOR SALE** British Snow Country - pic and disc in mint cond. Bids and SAE please to Andrew Robinson, 4 Talbot Road, Isleworth, Middx.

**FOR SALE** Stranglers cuttings from about 1978 on. Gig reviews, album reviews, photos, interviews, tour news and much much more! Very large collection. Serious offers with SAE please to: Keith, 130A Upper Clapton Road, London E5.

**FOR SALE** or swap: rare Stranglers recordings. For pamphlet write including 20p for overseas postage. Also list any needs or wants as I collect and enjoy trades and sharing info. A J Gonzales, 2744 Bryan Ave, Santa Ana, CA 92705 USA.

**RARE** mispressed Nice 'n' Sleazy with two tracks not by The Stranglers. Good cond with pic cover. Offers please ring (0254) 886289 after 6 and ask for Julie.

**TOMOKO** please let me know where you are and I will come and visit you. Richie.

**WART** - get in touch quick. Why not come and see Cardinal Sin play live in Luton? PS - Chin isn't too happy with you. - DERG.

**WANTED** - people to go to gigs with, *strangled* Vol I Nos 1,2,3,5, imports, photos, reasonably priced records/tapes and any items you have for sale/swap. Andy Bassil, 163 Balmoral Rd, Watford, Herts, WD2 4HA, Tel: Watford 45776.

**WANTED:** *strangled* Vol 1 Nos 3,5,6,9, cuttings 76-80, badges, promo photos and any major rarities. Will pay good price or trade for other Stranglers rarities. **FOR SALE:** German Heroes, Duchess and Peaches. Dutch Golden Brown, E Female and MSD, Nice 'n' Sleazy US promo, E Female promo, Mony Mony orig pic, Grip orig, Jap Choosey, White Room, Pink EP promo and many more, most in pic sleeves and many in different sleeves from UK issues. Phone 01 854 2942.

All Small Ads are placed free, but as we can't check them out, you reply at your own risk!

**REBECCA** from Marble Arch, please get in touch. Bill Shaw, Portsmouth 730738.

**WANTED** Cramps singles in pic covers, Boys Next Door/Birthday Party imports, Jah Wobble - Dan McArthur 12", Meteors singles/EPs. Also wanted Family, 5 mins, Bearcage 12", most imports and any Vol I *strangled* or photocopies. Write to Colin MacMillan, 1 Rector Rd, Longworth, Abingdon, Oxon or phone 0865 820455 before 1 or after 9.

**FOR SALE** Freddie Laker pic with mispressed label - yellow stars on blue background, Celia's You Better Believe Me, Hugh's White Room. All in mint cond. Wanted 12" Bear Cage pic sleeve (mint). Will Swap. Offers to Jeremy Elvin, 19 Long Lane Close, Holbury, Southampton, 0703 892704.

**FOR SALE** Jap imports £2.50 each: Something Better Change/Straighten Out, Heroes/In The Shadows, Sometimes/Go Buddy Go. All ex-quality with pic covers and lyrics. Also Mony Mony £7 and Better Believe Me £8 ono, both orig cover and pic label. SAE to Roger Turnbull, 19 Garland Drive, Whitkirk, Leeds, LS15 9AT.

**THE STRANGLERS** and Siouxsie and The Banshees rarities wanted. Paulinblack 0282 863719.

**FOR SALE** Raven with 3-D cover - £20, pink EP (pic) - £5, Greek Meninblack (non-gatefold sleeve) - £5. Also ELO On The Third Day LP (clear vinyl) - £12. All ex cond. Dave, 18 Waincliffe Cres, Leeds 11.

**WANTED** a European femaleinblack in the Blackburn area. Andy White, 30A Harcourt Rd, Blackburn, BB2 6HB.

**16-YEAR-OLD** girl would like to write to any nice 17-19 year-old fellas. Write to Geraldine Foley, 22 Lotabeg Estate, Mayfield, Cork, Eire.

**COULD** Allan Goodsir of Leslie possibly bring the Raven album over to my house, as it's about 2 months ago he promised me a loan of it. Anne Bissett of Glenrothes.

**FOR SALE** Records (British and imports) and badges. **WANTED** *strangled* Vol I No 2. Your price paid, or photocopy will do. Also 12" Bear Cage pic, any imports or rarities. Write: Jan, 8 St Mildreds Ave, Luton, Beds, LU3 1QR.

**TO SAC** and Co - cheers for lift from Reading Rock. Also hallo to Krishan, Jerk and 'Clarence' - Benny, Cambridge.

I'M looking for male or female penfriends who like The Stranglers. I come from down under, I'm 21 and a great fan of The Stranglers. David Quilter, 1/8 Todd St, Merrylands, NSW 2160, Australia.

**FOR SALE** Hope and Anchor double LP mint cond. Offers to John Devon, 30 Amberley Rd, Bush Hill Park, Enfield, Middx.

**POGLE** - I love you JOM - Newt.

**I WOULD** like to write to any quiet and shy female Stranglers fanatics who also like Marine Girls, New Order and Jam. Please write to Timothy Law, 15 Preston St, Brighton, BN1 2HN.

**MAY WE** be the first to wish the Captain, the Rat, the vampire and t'other two a very merry Christmas and a happy new year. Still DAMNED fans after all these years. Hope to see you next year - somewhere, someplace, some pub. Here's to The Damned - CHEERS!! From North West punkies and alcoholics.

**I WOULD** like to write to English boys and girls who like New Wave. Please write to: Krzysztof Ambroziak, Skr Poczt 241, 90-980 Lodz 7, Poland.

**NIGE** from Rotherham now lives in Manchester during university term time. Anything to sell/swap? If so, contact Nige at Graygarth Hall, 1 Lower Park Rd, Manchester - 061 224 2582. Good prices paid for interesting items on The Stranglers.

**19 YEAR OLD** dedicated Womaninblack (also into Killing Joke, Cure, Siouxsie, Joy Division) would like meninblack from anywhere and everywhere to write to her. Musts - black clothing, dislikes - plastics, trendies, Kajagoogoo fans. Reply to Audreyinblack, 11 Boswell Cres, Edinburgh, EH5 2ER.

**HI JO (SPIKE)**. Thanx for the loan of the hair gel! Joe J Cool.

**JULIE AND ROY**: Please phone! You can forget about school and get a flat if that's what you want! Love Mam, Dad, Sylva, Alison and Samantha.

**FOR SALE**: Very rare Israeli comp album featuring The Stranglers, Nice 'n' Sleazy pic, Walk On By pic, pink EP pic and Family pic (guns). Wanted: Golden Brown mispress. Write: Roy Smith, 127 Riverdale Rd, Erith, Kent DA8 1PY.

**ALEXIS AND LYNNE** (nubilesinblack): thanks for the wonderful night of passion. Love, Graham, Stuart, John, Clive, James, Bob, Steve, Robert, Andrew, David, Chris and Ian.

**FOR SALE**: selection of second-hand official Stranglers merchandise. Good cond. SAE to Jo Ottaway, 38 Mytchett Farm, Mytchett Rd, Mytchett, Camberley, Surrey, GU16 6AB.

**JEANETTE** - Sonnyinblack wants you back, can't get used to losing you!!

**WANTED**: Bear Cage 12" Brit pic, 7" Who Wants (not 79p issue), Snow Country (fingers crossed), 7" Freddie Laker pic. Will send seller any details of records they may not have incl price and shop selling them. Ring 0375 762525 anytime before midnight.

**FOR SALE** Stranglers rarities incl demos, promos and a test pressing LP. Also orig Mony Mony pic and Freddie Laker pic. Send SAE for complete list to: Paul Cunningham, 88 Brierbush Rd, Macmerry, Tranent, East Lothian, EH33 1PT.

**LOTS OF** punky singles for sale, all ex cond. Send large SAE for list to: John, 19 Biddesden House, Cadogan St, Chelsea, London SW3.

**CARMEN O'CONNOR** John from Class of '79 (with Mr Buzzard and the gang) says have a reunion soon.

**TWO MALE** Stranglers fans require two fun-loving females to write to and go to future Stranglers gigs with, preferably in the London area. If at all interested please write to Grahamblack, 59 The Promenade, C/O Emsley, Portobello, Edinburgh, EH15.

**ANY PRICE** paid for entire Vol I *strangled* or photocopies. Also wanted: MIB, Raven, Dave, JJ and Tree posters, JJ NME '77 Xmas centrefold, poster mag, concert programmes, cuttings '77 - '83, Grip badge - any price. For sale German Collection and X Cert new - £7 or will swap for above. M Palmer, Zillerstrasse 15, 8500 Nurnberg 50, West Germany.

**JERK BEGIN**, Bardon Out! Propaganda now!!! Also greetings to Sak and Co in Northwich, Nige in Rotherham, Benny, Grimmit, Jane H, DB, JD, Carol, Baggy and Spindu in Cambridge - Krishan, Cambridge.

**HAPPY 25TH WEDDING ANNIVERSARY** Mum and Dad. We know you love the meninblack really! Love from Leslie and Mark.



**THANK YOU** to all the friendsinblack who helped my girlfriend, Hiedi, when she fainted at Waterloo before the trip to Lille. Who said there isn't love amongst fellow humans. Hope to see you all again on the next trip. David, Anglesey.

**JAP 7" IMPORTS** Change, Heroes, Nice 'n' Sleazy, 5 mins, Duchess, all pic, £5 each. All never played and in mint cond. Send SAE for large list of tapes, records, badges, cuttings and other merchandise on The Stranglers, Jam, Blitz, Madness to Dale Jowett, 42 Hyde Bank Rd, New Mills, Stockport, Cheshire.

**RARE** Nice 'n' Sleazy, 2 mysterious tracks on B-side. Offers please. ALSO Butcher, three singles out, require gigs anywhere. C M Graham-Way, 39 Windsor Rd, Boscombe, Bournemouth, Dorset.

**FOR SALE** Led Zep scrap books, Lennon cuttings, Motorhead rarities plus others. Send SAE for details to Mike, c/o 2 Chatsworth Close, Bridlington, E Yorks.

**FOR SALE** Joy Division Warsaw demos (red vinyl LP and free 4 track blue vinyl EP), Jam Start (misprint B-side), Going Underground (double single), Gillan Glory Road and very lim freebie LP For Gillan Fans Only. PIL Metal Box, Pistols American Express pic sleeve, Bollocks pic disc. WANTED 5 Mins and Family pics, G Brown misprint and Bear Cage 12" pic. Also Cramps singles in pic sleeves, early Stooges stuff (Funhouse etc), Jah Wobble - Dan McArthur 12", Boys Next Door (imports) and any Meteors singles/EPs. Write: Colin Macmillan, 1 Rectory Rd, Longworth, Abingdon, Oxon or phone 0865 820455.

**FOR SALE** Joy Division, New Order, Banshees, Bowie, Devo, Gang of Four, Slits, Dexys, Toyah, B52s rarities, also assorted punk/new wave singles. SAE for list to Roger Turnbull, 94 Austhorpe Rd, Crossgates, Leeds 15.

**WANTED** any cuttings of The Stranglers from 1977. Please get in touch with P Pearson, 7/3 Royston, Mains Place, Edinburgh.

**FOR SALE** Records by B-52s, Bauhaus, Boomtown Rats, Bow Wow Wow, Buzzcocks, Clash, Elvis Costello, Cure, Damned, Devo, Echo & The Bunnymen, Flock Of Seagulls, Jam, Japan, Joy Division, Kraftwerk, 999, Hazel O'Connor, PIL, Police, Pretenders, Runaways, Sex Pistols, Siouxsie, Squeeze, Stranglers, Theatre Of Hate, Ultravox and XTC. Send SAE stating interests to Mr L Pring, 1 Enfield Park, Tangier, Taunton, Somerset, TA1 4AY.

**STRANGLERS** records for sale? LPs £2.50, 45s £1.20, also Chippenham photos. **WANTED** Cuttings (77) and Lasagne & Quips interview from MM (80). Ring Danny on 0484 684437.

**LES FINLAYSON** please ring Taunton 51470 if you still want the tapes done.

**ANDY WARHOL** seeks correspondents! Talk to him now about Velvet Underground, pointed black boots, Iggy Pop, JJ Burnel, spiky hair or ANYTHING interesting and you could become famous OR give him a copy of Lou's Metal Machine Music. Apply: The Factory, c/o House 71 Room 3, Castle Irwell, Cromwell Road, Salford.

**FREDDIE LAKER** single for sale. Offers with SAE to Krishan, 22 Church Lane, Madingley, Cambridge CB3 8AF.

**DAVEINBLACK** would like to meet and write to womeninblack, must be into Bauhaus, Bowie and birds with ears, and the Clash, of course. PS Would like a mug shot! 137 Hodden Ave, Peacehaven, East Sussex, BN9 7QT.

**IS THERE** anyone in the West Midlands who has a copy of the Collection video for loan? Contact Steve Carr, 53a Hill Top, West Bromwich B70 0QA.

**STRANGLERS** 7" interview pic disc, numbered. Will swap for Peaches Radioplay or Peaches and Grip orig pics or Walk On By Radioplay or sensible offers. Also White EP for sale or swap. Tel Guisbrough 24339 or write to Richard, 12 Chestnut Close, Saltburn-by-Sea, Cleveland TS12 1PE.

**CELIA AND MUTATIONS** Mony UA 77 label £1.50, Bearcage 12" £2.20, Christmas EP pic £3.20. 2 free singles with any record bought. K Snape, 40 Priory Rd, Stone, Staffs, Tel 0785 816204.

**WANTED:** The Cure Jumping Someone Else's Train/I'm Cold in pic bag. Will pay up to £15 if in good cond. Write to Gary, School House, Ostley Bank, Barrow, Cumbria LA13 9LR. ALSO hello to Sharon H from Sheldon.

**ARE THERE** any men or womeninblack in the Shoreham/Brighton area interested in forming a band? Main influence - The Stranglers (who else?). I play bass guitar and envisage a line-up of drums, bass guitar, guitar, keyboards and maybe a vocalist. Interested? - write to Joe Ryall, Shoreham-By-Sea, Sussex.

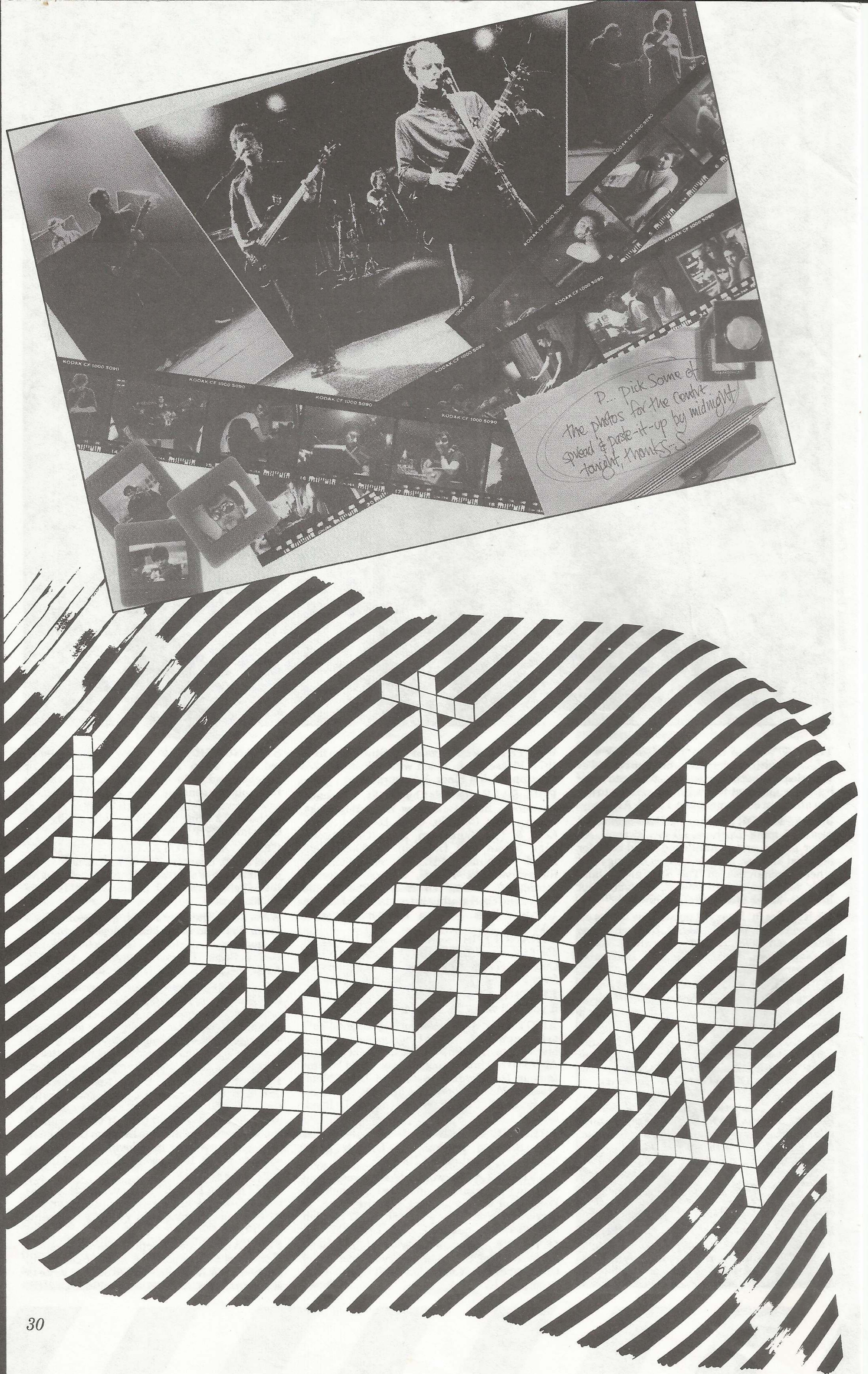
**HELLO** my name's Seb Pope and I'll be 16 in Jan. I'm into Stranglers, PIL, Dire Straits, Culture Club, Ian Dury and Eurythmics, depending what mood I'm in. If you're a girl of round about the same age living in the London area and interested in a loving relationship, write to me at 19 Leeward Gardens, Wimbledon, London SW19.

**WRITE TO** a French little boy. I am 21. J'ai les idées noires. If you are a womaninblack write to Kriek Louat, Chemin de la Vierge, 88100 Saint Dié, France.

**FOR SALE** Large collection of rare Stranglers recordings and imports all in mint condition. Phone Frank Roper on 061 633 8932 or write to 40 Lawn Closes, Alt Estate, Oldham, OL8 2HB.

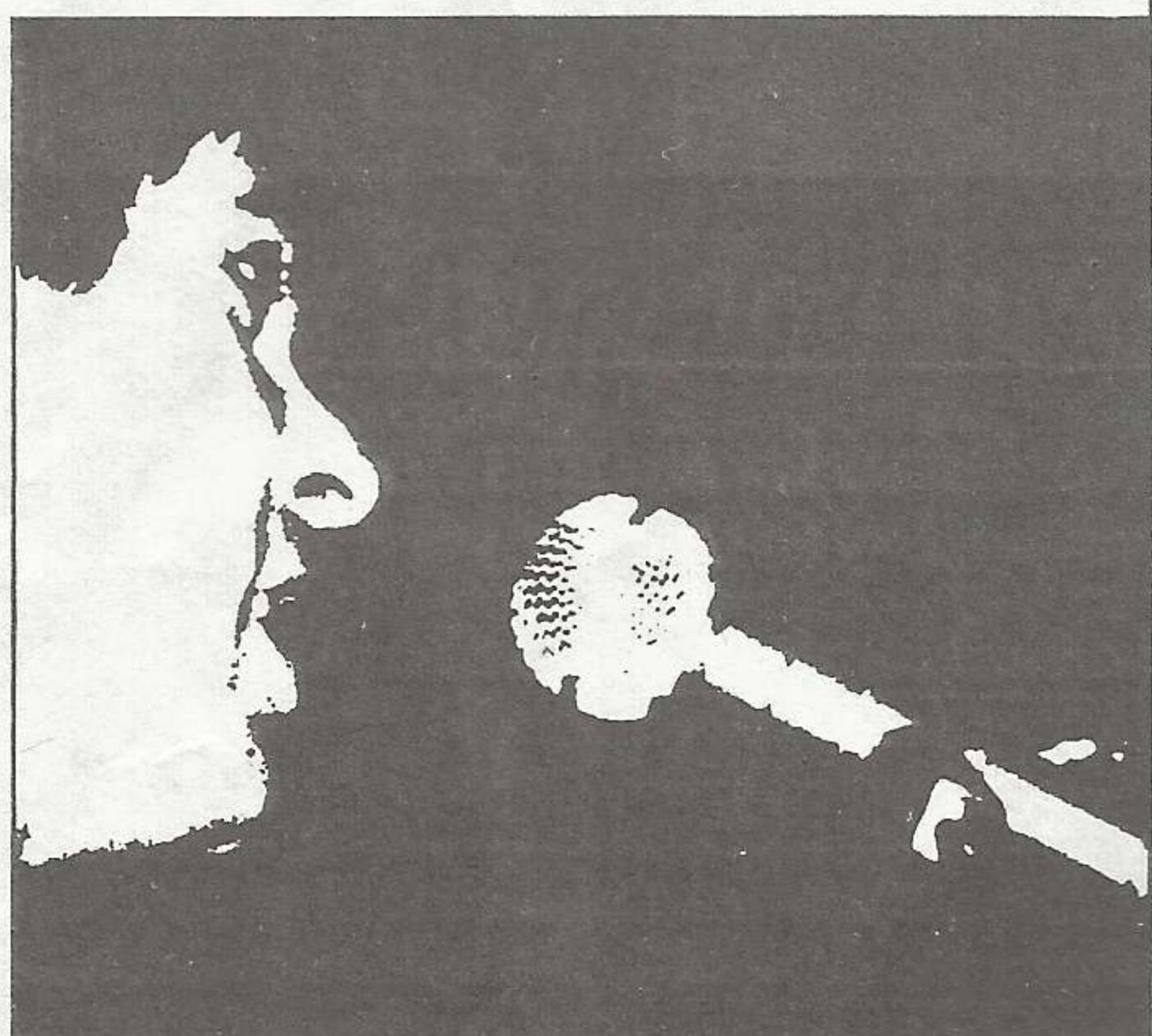
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# PUZZLE PAGE PUZZLE PAGE



# DISCOGRAPHY

Jet Black was particularly upset because most of these shots from the centre spread of *strangled* 15 are by his friend, Dana, who received no credits for her photographs. SIS would like to make amends by stating that all the photographs on the three strips of film are by Dana.



**a**nd yet another mind-boggling puzzle to keep you occupied during the long winter evenings! This one was sent to us a while ago by Darren Williams from Carlton, Notts.

All you have to do is fit the following song titles into the grid. When you've completed it, send it off to SIS (or a photocopy of it if you don't want a gaping hole in your copy of *strangled*) and if you're correct, you'll be in the running for a free copy of Dave and JJ's album *Fire And Water*. EPIC have promised us several freebies to give away as prizes, so make sure you get your entry in within a couple of weeks. Special allowances will be made for overseas readers.

Good luck!

4 LETTERS	8 LETTERS
Tits	Bear Cage
5 LETTERERS	Bitching
Crabs	Mean To Me
Harry	Paradise
Tramp	Walk On By
Veins	
6 LETTERERS	9 LETTERS
Curfew	Go Buddy Go
Shut Up	Longships
Sweden	Nosferatu
7 LETTERERS	Old Codger
Duchess	School Mam
Euroman	Sometimes
Genetix	Top Secret
La Folie	White Room
Non Stop	
Nubiles	
Pawsher	
Peaches	
Puppets	
Triumph	

Title	Catalogue Number	Label	Year of Release
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## ALBUMS

Rattus Norvegicus	UAG 30045	U.A.	1977
No More Heroes	UAG 30200	U.A.	1977
Black and White	UAK 30222	U.A.	1978
Live X-Cert	UAG 30224	U.A.	1979
The Raven	UAG 30262	U.A.	1979
The Meninblack	LBG 30313	Liberty	1981
La Folie	LBG 30342	Liberty	1981
The Collection	LBG 30353	Liberty	1982
Feline	EPIC 25237	Epic	1983

## SINGLES

Grip/London Lady	UP 36211	U.A.	1977
Peaches/Go Buddy Go	UP 36248	U.A.	1977
Something Better Change/Straighten Out	UP 36277	U.A.	1977
No More Heroes/In the Shadows	UP 36300	U.A.	1977
5 Minutes/Rok it to the Moon	UP 36350	U.A.	1978
Nice 'n Sleazy/Shut Up	UP 36379	U.A.	1978
Walk on By/Old Codger/Tank	UP 36429	U.A.	1978
Duchess/Fools Rush Out	BP 308	U.A.	1979
Nuclear Device/Yellowcake UF6	BP 318	U.A.	1979
Bear Cage/Shah Shah a Go Go	BP 344	U.A.	1980
12" Maxi-single version	12-BP 344	U.A.	1980
Who Wants the World/The Meninblack	BPX 355	U.A.	1980
Tomorrow Was/Nubiles (cocktail version)	SIS 001	SIS	1980
Thrown Away/Top Secret	BP 383	Liberty	1981
Just Like Nothing On Earth/Meninwhite	BP 393	Liberty	1981
Let Me Introduce You to the Family/Vietnamera	BP 405	Liberty	1981
Golden Brown/Love 30	BP 407	Liberty	1981
La Folie/Waltz in Black	BP 410	Liberty	1982
Strange Little Girl/Cruel Garden	BP 412	Liberty	1982
European Female/Savage Breast	EPCA 2893	Epic	1982
Pic-disc version	EPCA 11 2893	Epic	1983
Midnight Summer Dream/Vladimir & Olga	EPCA 3167	Epic	1983
12" Maxi-Single version	EPCA 13 3167	Epic	1983
Paradise/Pawsher	EPCA 3387	Epic	1983
Paradise/Pawsher/Permission	EPC TA 3387	Epic	1983
12" Maxi-single version	EPC TA 3387	Epic	1983

## E.P.

Don't Bring Harry/Wired/Crabs/In the Shadows	STR 1	U.A.	1979
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## FREE SINGLES - limited

Choosey Susie/Peasant in the Big Shitty (free with Rattus album)	FREE 3	U.A.	1977
Walk on By/Tits/Mean to Me (free with B & W album)	FREE 9	U.A.	1978
Aural Sculpture (free with Feline album)	XPS 167	Epic	1983

## SOLO RECORDINGS

JJ BURNEL Euroman Cometh (album) Freddie Laker/Ozymandias (single)	UAG 30214 UP 36500	U.A.	1979
HUGH CORNWELL (WITH ROBERT WILLIAMS) Nosferatu (album)	UAG 30251	U.A.	1979
White Room/Losers in a Lost Land (single)	BP 320	U.A.	1979
DAVE GREENFIELD & JJ BURNEL Fire and Water (album) Rain & Dole & Tea/ Detective Privé (single)	EPC 25707 EPCA 4076	Epic	1983
		Epic	1984

Alannah

